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The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

"All that I am, I owe to my Mother"---*Lincoln*

RUARY, 1939
L. XXVI - NO. 2

B. Y. UNIVERSITY
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Do Women Want the Truth

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

February, 1939

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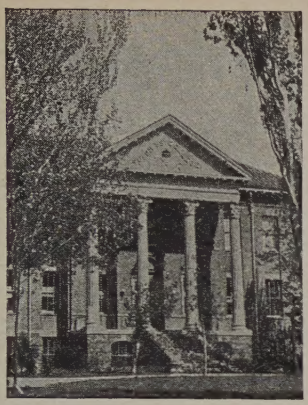

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The Relief Society Magazine

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXVI FEBRUARY, 1939 No.

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CHARITY

"If ye have not charity, ye are nothing,
For charity never faileth.

"Wherefore, cleave unto charity,
Which is the greatest of all,
For all things must fail . . .

"But charity is the pure love of Christ,
And it endureth forever;

And whoso is found possessed of it at the last day,
It shall be well with him."

—Moroni 7:46-47.

ROADS

I have often wondered about roads . . .
Traveled by myriad feet—
Travelers who come and go,
Some happily, some sadly, some with hope . . . others hopeless.
Some roads lead to high and wooded hills
With purple shadows and sylvan dells,
And waterfalls . . . green glades and pines
And crystal atmosphere and peace—
And others toward a desert where the sun
Is ever ardent, where cacti is monotony;
Where the wild things seem too lonely—
Where life moves futilely

There are other roads, smooth roads which lead
Through fertile plains, o'er daisied slopes
Toward golden sunsets . . .
I have often wondered about roads
And the mystery of their travelers. . . .

GRACE ZENOR PRATT

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXVI FEBRUARY, 1939 No. 2

Faith

By Donald G. Lyman

THE philosopher James Allen has said, "Spiritual achievements are the consummation of holy aspirations. He who lives constantly in the conception of noble and lofty thoughts, who dwells upon all that is pure and unselfish, will, as surely as the sun reaches its zenith and the moon its full, become wise and noble in character, and rise into a position of influence and blessedness."

Most women's wants are spiritual in their very nature. They are closely associated with the desire for an ever improving home, a husband who stands firmly for the right, and children of whom they may well be proud and who will "arise up and call them blessed".

How can we get what we want? What is it we are all seeking? Is it happiness? Perhaps so. That's a vague term, and it means something different to everyone of us. What do you want? Perhaps you want your daughter to stop smoking; perhaps you want your boy to be more careful about choosing his associates, or your husband to magnify his calling in the Priesthood; maybe you would enjoy being more used in Church work; or are you like some who want salvation and exaltation in the world to come and are patiently content with all kinds of unsatisfactory and unsavory conditions in this present life? Do you go along through life with the false hope that the transition from this life to the next one will automatically solve all your problems, or do you seek with faith the aid of your Heavenly Father in your daily attempts to meet your responsibilities and accomplish those things that will bring you happiness now?

It is perfectly normal to desire the good things of the earth for our loved ones and those about us. The Lord has told us to seek after the things that are of good report and praiseworthy. However, the forces of evil are ever present to tempt and lead us through our desires into paths of wickedness and unrighteousness. So it is well to follow along the Lord's path to obtain all things we want in life.

Some of us overlook the fact that the Lord has said that we may have what we will if we have faith. Our Savior gave us the key after the incident in which he cursed the unproductive fig tree: "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye

shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matthew 21:21-22.)

The Apostle James gives us a little more insight when he said, "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not; ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain; ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. . . . God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double minded. . . . Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he will lift you up." (James 4:1-10.)

To walk in the Lord's path and get the things we want, we must have FAITH and ask our Heavenly Father, doubting not, but believing, and at the same time ask not amiss. This requirement of asking with faith is more simple than most of us realize. It simply means that we review our status before the Lord. We honestly acknowledge our sins and shortcomings, repent and resolve to do better. We make mental note of the progress we are making towards perfection and ask with humility and faith for those things that are in harmony with our measure of perfection under the Lord's plan of life.

A repentant man or woman may approach the Lord with faith and gain His help in developing strength in righteousness which is the basis of faith with power. When we approach the Lord we can tell when we are asking with faith and when our prayers are a mockery in his sight.

IF a mother wants a son to stop smoking, she usually knows what his answer will be before she asks it. It will be based on their previous association, and the result will depend upon the influence the mother has over the son. Our Heavenly Father can predict the general course of his earthly children, because he knows just how susceptible we are to his influence for good. How important it is that we be conscious of our power to develop through right living and faith the necessary powerful influences to lead our loved ones into the paths of truth and righteousness.

When we do to the best of our ability all the things that are required of us in carrying forward our family and Church obligations, then we can approach the Lord in humility but with a confidence or faith that is born of God that our labors are accepted and our desires in righteousness shall be granted. No truer thing was ever said than, "The prayer of the righteous availeth much." Our prayers will be answered as long as and only when they harmonize with our thoughts and actions.

Here is one of the clearest examples found in the scriptures: "In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came unto him, and said

unto him, and Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live. Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, And said, Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore. Then came the word of the Lord to Isaiah, saying, Go, and say to Hezekiah, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years." (Isaiah 38:1-5.)

Hezekiah's prayer was one of faith coupled with humility uttered by an upright king, and the Lord was bound by this man's faith.

Can we not follow this simple pattern, the Lord's path?

We want our sons and daughters to do right. Are we willing to do right? Are we using tea and coffee, at the same time deploring the fact that our sons and daughters are smoking and drinking? Are we wondering why some of our sons and daughters have no love for the restored Gospel, and at the same time neglecting our family prayers and thinking lightly of the Sabbath Day? Are we concerned about our youth who do not have a testimony and yet seldom if ever bear our own testimony of God's work in their presence at home or elsewhere? Are we content to stay home ourselves and urge our children to attend Sunday School and other worth while Church meetings?

If we answer "yes" to any of these simple little questions that just scratch the surface of our responsibility to our children, then there should be no question in our minds why the Lord does not answer our prayers. We can not pray to the Lord with faith, believing, when we ourselves are not putting forth a real effort to live the Gospel.

When we can go before the Lord as humble King Hezekiah did and say, "Remember now, O Lord. . . . I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. . . ." Then will the Lord be bound to answer our prayers of faith, and we shall have the desires of our hearts in righteousness.

A VALUED GIFT

By Mary C. Curry

If one might choose a gift
  From those designed for humankind,
A gift more precious than the gifts
  Of wealth or fame or brilliant mind,
No gift could be more valued
  For the good it may impart
Than to have and operate
  An understanding heart.

(Courtesy, "The Union Signal")

Another Great American

By Lottie Barber Brown

HORACE GREELEY for forty years was America's busiest and boldest editor. He seemed to be everywhere, speaking, lecturing, attending conventions, never seeming to tire. If there was ever an important occasion, there you would find Horace Greeley, either as a delegate or a reporter, and he constantly conferred with the great and near great. Through his fearlessness and hard work he made the New York *Tribune*. The name of Greeley and *The Tribune* became almost synonymous.

Through this great medium Greeley climbed to fame, and men and women throughout the nation followed his guidance in many great causes. Despite the fact that he was reared in poverty he felt that money should be the reward for hard work, and he severely condemned its acquisition in any other way. He said, "The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that in which he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. He has lost his way through the moral labyrinth and henceforth must wander as chance may dictate."

Greeley was a peculiar fellow. His high shrill voice was not pleasant to listen to, and many times his hearers would put their fingers in their ears. But the logic of his message seemed to penetrate the very soul, even though he lacked the charm of flowery presentation. He had a wonderful memory, and as a result, it was hard for him to understand why others of his profession did not have at their command the thousands of facts, dates and events which he held in recollection. His aversion to tobacco was very pronounced, for upon being offered a cigar he pushed it aside with: "No thank you. I haven't got so low down as that yet."

Not only was he a remarkable writer of editorials, but his ability as a reporter and his mastery of the printer's art all combined to make the *Tribune* a model paper.

AT Amherst, New Hampshire Horace Greeley's mild, blue eyes first opened on February 3, 1811, being the third child of Zaccheus and Mary Woodburn Greeley. His father and mother struggled hard to lift the mortgage from their forty-acre farm, which was covered mostly with large boulders and trees.

Horace was quite a wonderful child, being able to read when he was little more than a baby. He started school when he was three, when he went to Bedford to live with his Grandfather Woodburn. He found school very entertaining. He not only continued in his ability to read, but he also had an extra fancy for the spelling book, and the "spelling bee" was his delight, for he "spelled down" all opponents. Imagine a child of five having finished reading the *Bible*! Other books of his choice at which he spent his time while others of his age were playing were: *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Arab*

an *Knights*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. When he was thirteen he was taken out of school because the teacher could no longer instruct him.

As he grew up it was plain to him that farming was not the proper vocation for him, although he strongly recommended it to others. He decided to become a printer, and at the age of eleven made his first application, but being small of stature he was not accepted. Four years later he was accepted as an apprentice with the *Northern Spectator*, a paper in a town some twelve miles distant. His board was his only remuneration for the first six months, at which time he received a raise which amounted to forty dollars a year. In June, 1830, he was freed from his contract by the closing of the doors of the *Northern Spectator*. He was greatly admired by the townsfolk who sorrowfully watched him leave on foot to go to his parents who now lived four hundred miles away in Vermont.

Scarcely a year had passed before he found himself in the city of New York, a city of two hundred and twenty thousand people. He was just past twenty, tall and slender, with very few clothes other than the ones he had on, and ten dollars in his pocket. He knew the world was before him, and with the knowledge of the art of printing which he had obtained he set to with all his might. Surmounting all the difficulties of a stranger in a strange place he was a partner in a printing business within three years.

The firm did well and shortly began the publishing of a weekly literary journal, *The New Yorker*, which Greeley edited himself. His great editorial ability was quickly recognized, and the paper grew steadily in popularity, for without fear or favor he spared none, either in praise or condemnation, in his opinions through the editorial columns.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1839, when the "Mormons" were being so unjustly persecuted in Jackson County, Missouri, there was a mass meeting held in New York at which resolutions were framed denouncing the conduct of the Missourians, about whom Greeley wrote: "It is a burning disgrace to civilization and humanity that the outrages of which the poor 'Mormons' were the victims were committed, but a far deeper disgrace that those enormities have not to this day been made the subject of any judicial investigation. The grand juries and prosecuting attorneys of the counties adjacent to the scenes of horror are grossly culpable; but what shall we say of a governor (L. W. Boggs) who officially countenanced the murder of a people whom he was bound to protect? Missouri, until the blood is washed from her garments, is a disgrace to the Union."

The young editor's talent as a critic of public affairs was quickly recognized by the political leaders of the time, and he was prevailed upon to edit a daily campaign paper, *The Constitution*, during a New York City election. He was then asked to perform a similar duty in a state election in which the *Jeffersonian* was equally effective in helping to elect the governor. Then in 1840 the Whig party decided that a campaign paper should be issued, to be called *The Log Cabin*, to be

conducted by Horace Greeley. He became the vital center in the campaign in state and nation, for besides editing, writing and setting type, he sat in party councils and made many speeches. *The Log Cabin* had been so popular that it did not die when the campaign was over, but the burden of carrying two papers became too great, and it was decided to start a daily morning newspaper to replace the two. Accordingly on April 10, 1841, the first issue of *The New York Tribune* came off the press.

GREELEY first met Abraham Lincoln at Washington, D. C., in 1848. Lincoln was a representative in Congress. Despite the fact that Greeley doubted the wisdom of the choice of the Convention of 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's victory at the poles can be attributed to Greeley's whole-hearted support.

Throughout the great conflict which followed closely upon Lincoln's entering the White House, the *Tribune* played an important part in expressing public sentiment. Greeley stood well in the graces of President Lincoln, yet never did he exercise any "pull," either for himself or his friends, except as it was done through the *New York Tribune*.

Shortly after his second inauguration, Lincoln said of Greeley: "I have been a constant reader of the *Tribune* since its establishment and have regarded Mr. Greeley as the ablest editor in the United States, if not in the world. I believe he has exerted more influence in the country than any other man, not excepting the President of the United States. I consider him the equal i not the superior of Benjamin Frank lin."

Greeley's just and fair conclusio about Abraham Lincoln was rea in the columns of the *New Yor Tribune* after the assassination o the Great Emancipator. To quote i part:

"He was no inspired Elijah o John the Baptist, emerging from th awful desert. . . . He was simpl a plain, true, earnest, patriotic man gifted with eminent common sense which in its wide range gave a han to shrewdness on the one hand, hu mor on the other, and which allie him intimately, warmly, with masse of mankind. There are those wh say that Mr. Lincoln was fortunat in his death as in his life; I judg otherwise. I hold him most inap for the leadership of a people in volved in a desperate, agonizing wa while I deem few men better fitte to guide a nation's destinies in tim of peace. Especially do I deem hir fitted to soothe, to heal, and to unit in bonds of true, fraternal affection people just lapsing into peace afte years of distracting, desolating inte nal strife. His true career was jus opening when an assassin's bulle quenched his light of life."

The town of Greeley, Colorad was founded as a model town by h former agricultural editor, N. C Meeker, and in September, 187 Greeley made a tour of the We and visited the town that was name in his honor. Nineteen years earli he had made a trip to California an had interviewed Brigham Youn while in Salt Lake City.

Greeley wrote several books, th

most important of which was *The American Conflict*.

It is rather strange that we find Horace Greeley opposing Grant in the election of 1872, but it came rather unexpectedly to him as well. Perhaps it will seem still more peculiar when we note that, though *The New York Tribune* was recognized as the voice of the Whig Party, which later grew into the Republican Party, Greeley was now a Democratic standard bearer. But it was not to be his lot to enter the White House. Neither was it hard for him to take defeat.

Two weeks before election he was called to the bedside of his wife who passed away after a long illness, October 30, 1872. Those two weeks were very telling on this overworked mental giant. His last contribution to the paper he had made so powerful appeared on November 8, 1872. He was confined to his bed from then until the end came November 29 of that year. Thus passed a great friend of the poor, the laborer and the oppressed, a great American.

CONTENTMENT

By Evelyn Wilde Heath

Dawning and sunrise splendor,
Another task begun;
Noonday with light and beauty,
Evening with work well done.
And over and over and over,
Each day bringing well earned bliss;
Why should we wish for glory?
Glory must be like this.

Gloaming and sunset hour,
Darkening shades of night,
Stars in a moon-bright Heaven,
Memories and firelight;
Home with sweet contentment,
Love and the joy of a kiss;
Why should we wish for Heaven?
Heaven must be like this.

The Shining Heart

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

CHAPTER ONE

BEFORE old Philander Maddox would consent to come North and visit his son Tom and his family, he had to be assured that every last vestige of the old family mansion he himself had built in the first flush of his Alaska prosperity had been demolished. He had to know that the face of the estate had been changed entirely by the huge Georgian brick house and the expensive landscaping Tom had undertaken this last year.

The place was finished now, and old Philander sat upon its western terrace facing a superb June sunset on Puget Sound, listening to the soothing and unimportant chatter of Tom's plump wife, Phoebe, and telling himself that if a man is to keep himself young in this rushing world he has to clear the decks of the old things every so often and surround himself with the new. And old Philander was convinced he had indeed hoodwinked Time with the clean sweep of the new house.

The lawns of Oakwood sloped in an almost unbroken expanse of beautiful sod to the beach, where it was separated from the public footpath by a hedge of shrubs. As old Phil gazed over the crimsoned water with his clear, hard, blue eyes, he sat suddenly upright and snorted.

"There's that old pest Brill Carey coming along the path, Phoebe, or I'm a walrus," he grumbled, and attempted to get up. "I'm going in."

"But you can't, father," Phoebe protested, "she's coming to see you. She never calls on us any more. Anyway, she won't stay long. One thing about Miss Brill, she comes straight to the point."

Old Philander sat down again, arranging his long thin legs on the long chair and sitting tense as a stubborn child. "Confound it," he complained, "I wish she'd stay away. You can spend a fortune changing houses and furniture, and then she bobs up. It makes a man feel old to meet a woman in her dotage and have to remember he dandled her on his knee as a baby."

"But she isn't so old," Phoebe protested, "about fifty-five—though I'll admit she looks all of seventy."

Old Philander made impatient noises in his throat. "Wish she'd hurry up, get it over with—say, what the—" The old man scrambled nervously to his feet.

"She's fallen!" cried Phoebe, and betook her plump self over the terrace and lawns with surprising speed, calling to two gardeners working near the greenhouse as she ran down the flagged path to the prone figure of Miss Brill.

The gardeners laid the thin woman on the long chair hastily vacated by old Phil, and it was only minutes before she opened her eyes and struggled to a sitting position.

"Hello, Uncle Phil," she said confusedly, "you're looking right spry as usual."

Mr. Maddox winced at the

"uncle" and growled. "Why shouldn't I? I take good care of myself. Expect to live to be a hundred. But you won't live that long, my girl, unless you can learn to keep both feet on the ground."

"Lie down again, Miss Brill," Phoebe advised in her soft tones, "you struck a rock when you fell. You ought to rest a minute."

"I'm all right," Miss Brill muttered. "I'll rest when I get this business for my girl settled." She tucked a wisp of gray hair into place with a long hairpin and looked at old Phil over her high Roman nose.

Old Phil fidgeted and looked vague. "Your girl?"

"Yes. My niece, Nellis Adair Carey," Miss Brill said.

Old Philander chewed the end of his moustache furiously. "Fancy name her folks gave her," he said. Niece? Niece? Was there anything he did not know about his old friend Tom Carey's family?

"I gave her the name," Miss Brill answered. "Nobody knows what I suffered as a child with Brilliant Alaska Carey attached to me, just because my father happened to make a strike there. I wanted Nell to have a lovely name, Nellis Adair. And I want you to find a job for her."

Old Phil chuckled. "I remember Tom coming back with his gold jingling, finding you a big girl and still without a name, so he made it Brilliant Alaska. I like it." His face puckered. "Times are hard in San Francisco," he grumbled, "don't know as I have any jobs."

"You can find one, in one of those big office buildings of yours," Miss Brill insisted. "Nell is eighteen, she's bright, and she's talented. I want her to do something that will give her time to work on her painting."

"Painting!" Philander Maddox snorted. "So she paints, does she? If your father'd put his Alaska gold to work when he came down here, same's I did, instead of frittering away with his painting, maybe you wouldn't need a job for the girl. You'd much better teach her to cook."

"I have. She's a good cook," retorted Miss Brill, "but she paints, too. The way I could have done, if I hadn't let people talk me out of it." This last, resentfully.

"Tom Carey had sense there, at least," Mr. Maddox observed shrewdly, "he knew how to manage his womenfolks." As yet he had promised no job. He didn't know that he would. People presumed a good deal on an old friendship.

Almost as if she had heard the thought, Miss Brill settled that notion with her next breath. "When father died, twenty years ago," she reminded him dryly, "I believe you offered to do anything you could for me. I've never asked for anything for myself. Now I want a job for Nell. Switchboard operator, or something like that. Nothing fancy."

"Of course," old Philander agreed hastily. Confound the woman, that offer had been made when she was younger and more appealing, and people thought Tom had left her plenty of money. He fidgeted about, blew his nose, then sent for some note paper. He scribbled a message on it to one of his building superintendents in behalf of one Nell Carey and handed it to the girl's aunt. Miss Brill examined it to see if it really

meant anything, folded it and got shakily to her feet.

"You mustn't think of going yet," protested Phoebe, "or perhaps you'll let me send you back in the car."

"No," said Miss Brill, "I'll walk. Air'll do me good. Clear my head." She turned to Mr. Maddox. "You won't lose anything by this. You'll have the best switchboard girl you ever had, and the prettiest, too."

The scowl lifted from the petulant old face. "Pretty, is she?" He sat up suddenly. "Tell her to come and see me. I like pretty girls in my buildings. The tenants like sightly faces about 'em."

Miss Brill looked at old Philander coldly. "But she's got plenty of sense, too," she said shortly, nodded to Phoebe and stalked steadily enough across the flagstone terrace to the path through the shrubbery.

BEHIND the thicket of laurel was a stone bench. Suddenly Miss Brill crumpled upon it, breathing heavily. She was much shaken. It was a bitter thing, after twenty years of struggling by herself, to have to ask Phil Maddox for a favor—even for Nell. She took out her handkerchief and wiped the moisture from her upper lip. She took several deep breaths and felt better.

She mustn't tell Nell she had asked old Philander for the job. The girl must think he had offered it. Nell wouldn't mind it, that way. No Carey ever asked favors. Miss Brill took the note from her pocket and read it again. Sixty dollars a month that Barstow girl got at the Smith Building for the same work. Nell would be rich on sixty dollars—and the money in the chest. And Mary Cartwright, down in San Francisco, could find the girl a cheap, safe room. Miss Brill got up stiffly from the bench and continued down the path to the beach trail.

Her leg dragged a bit. The doctor had said, that last time, that she'd have to avoid any excitement. Well, she wouldn't be asking for a job from Philander Maddox again in a hurry, and there was no excitement at the gray house. She had difficulty getting over the Maddox stile, but once on the sandy beach path she felt better. There were the huge driftwood logs to rest upon from time to time.

Ahead of her, a haven, loomed the Carey house, foursquare, rising from the thicket of fir to three grim, gray stories of moldy grandeur topped by a once red-roofed cupola. Miss Brill left the path, went down into the ravine made by the spring on her property, crossed the cherry wood bridge Nell had built over the stream in the gloom of the fir thicket and gained her kitchen. She sat down heavily in the wooden rocker and closed her eyes. It was a long time before she felt able to open them again. Like a vague dream in the back of her mind was the picture of the Chinese chest. The chest in the upper hall! She shook her head impatiently and got up.

Her weakness frightened her. What would Nell do if—anything should happen. Nothing on earth but the old house, and who would want that? Miss Brill winced before this fact, but she faced it. Passionately she loved the gray house. Its three uncompromising tiers of gray wood rising from the rocky beach she thought just as gor-

geous, just as aristocratic as had old Tom Carey when he built it in the warm flush of his new Alaska money. A Carey family seat he had planned it to be, blue Puget Sound at its feet, acres of towering virgin Douglas fir guarding it on three sides. The Sound was there, and the old house, but the forest had dwindled to the few trees in the ravine, and of the Careys there remained but Miss Brill —and Nell. A grand place for Careys, but too near the water for ready sale. People liked their homes away from the water, on a rise of ground like the big Maddox place. where the noise of the surf wouldn't disturb them on stormy nights, where the hoarse note of the foghorns wouldn't annoy them. Surf and foghorns! Miss Brill would die without these sounds of her youth, of her home.

She fumbled in her pocket for the note. Of course! Nell wouldn't need to cling to the old place. She would have her job and her painting. Just a start was all Nell needed, Miss Brill thought vaguely. Nell ought to be here now, so she could tell her the news.

She noticed a note on the table then and managed to grasp it without getting up. Fred, Nell wrote, had to go into town, so they were staying to a movie, if they could get the afternoon rates. Just like Fred, Miss Brill thought scornfully, rushing Nell off in the middle of the afternoon to save a dime on his courting.

She found bread and butter, fresh strawberries and milk under the clean towel on the table. After she had eaten the simple meal she felt stronger. It was proving to be nothing at all, this weakness. It would soon go, soon leave her strong and independent again, leave Nell free.

Suddenly Miss Brill bestirred herself, put on her old hat and raincoat, locked the kitchen door and started slowly up the road again. She needed air and might as well go up to Carsons at the big fruit farm for that job of linen-hemming while she was getting it. The linen-hemming for Mildred Carson's trousseau would buy Nell the dress she needed for traveling. It was two miles to Carson's, and the leg dragged just a bit more heavily, but Miss Brill promised herself she'd go slowly. "Air—work—money—" the tired woman mumbled to herself.

TWILIGHT lingers in the Northwest. It was still vaguely light, in spite of the misty rain that had begun to fall, when Fred Nagle's small coupe threaded back along Cove road. Nell Carey, rather silent, sat back in the seat beside Fred. He drove with nervous care, never quite easy at the wheel, but anxious to impress the girl beside him with his mastery of all things material.

"You're sure quiet," he protested. Deep in his heart he felt a girl had no right to help spend a fellow's money and then sit silent as a clam on the way home.

Nell smiled. "Just thinking of that show, Fred. It was beautiful, wasn't it, where the girl went to her sweetheart and married him, even after he was blind."

"What were they going to live on was what I'd like to know?" Fred objected. "Things aren't like that in real life."

"Oh, Fred, you aren't one bit romantic, are you?" Nell said impa-

tiently. "Say, stop a minute! That looked as if someone was lying beside the road back there."

Fred reversed the car, and stopped beside a blackberry thicket. Sitting on the ground, leaning against an abandoned water pipe, was indeed a woman. Nell scrambled out of the car and ran to her. Even in the dim light she could recognize her.

"Aunt Brill!" she cried, terrified, "whatever are you doing here?"

Miss Brill murmured dazedly, "Oh, it's you, Nell. I just sat here by the fire and sort of dozed—why—I—" she lifted her hand helplessly to her head.

"She's gone balmy," Fred said bluntly.

Nell hushed him angrily. "Of course not. Just a little dazed. Help her into the car. Maybe she hurt her head when she fell." As they struggled to get the woman into the little car, Nell saw the brown paper parcel.

"Why, she's been way up to Carson's. No wonder she's all in. Aunt Brill, you need a good scolding. I told you I'd run up for that work in the morning."

Miss Brill aroused herself briefly, embarrassed. "I—thought I was home. By the fire. I had to rest—just a bit." Then she burst out triumphantly, "Old Phil gave you a job, Honey. A good job, down in San Francisco."

For a moment Nell was speechless, holding tightly to Miss Brill's lax hand. "A job in San Francisco! You can't mean it, Aunt Brill. Fred, did you hear that? I'm going to art school. Now! This summer!"

Fred stepped viciously on the gas. "Craziest notion I ever heard of. What a girl like you, with a chance to get married, wants to go to art school for!" He turned angrily on Miss Brill. "That's your notion, Miss Brill. Nellie never would have thought of it by herself."

Nell laughed. "Thanks, Fred, but it was as much my idea as hers. I don't want to get married yet. I'm too young, and I've never seen anything, never been anywhere."

Miss Brill sat back, grimly pleased. That'd teach Fred Nagle. He wasn't worth Nell, or anything like it, him with his head full of nothing on earth but his coop full of prize chickens and more money to put in the bank. She wished she did not feel so dizzy, and she'd enjoy this triumph more. As it was—

"'FRAID you'll have to help me out," she muttered as Fred brought the car to a petulant stop in the Carey driveway.

"Don't stay tonight," Nell whispered to the fierce-browed young man as they settled the woman in the rocker near the kitchen range. "Aunt Brill isn't well."

"You mean you don't want me to interfere with your talk about that pesky art school business," Fred retorted, lifting the lid of the stove and shoving in a couple of lengths of split pine. "Well, I'll go, but you haven't heard it all from me yet. A promise is a promise, and I have a few rights. I think we ought to go on as we planned."

"As you planned," Nell corrected him softly. "Good-night, Fred, and thanks for the movie."

He nodded sullenly and went out. The girl sighed as she opened the oven door and lifted Miss Brill's

damp feet up to the warm perch. She put water in the kettle and set it over the blaze. "I'll have you some cocoa in a minute. That'll warm you up," she said cheerfully.

The old lady roused herself. "You go to art school, Nell. The money—the Chinese chest—you know—" her face reddened with the effort of speech.

"Yes, of course. I know where we hide our money," Nell murmured, "but don't worry about it now. Just relax."

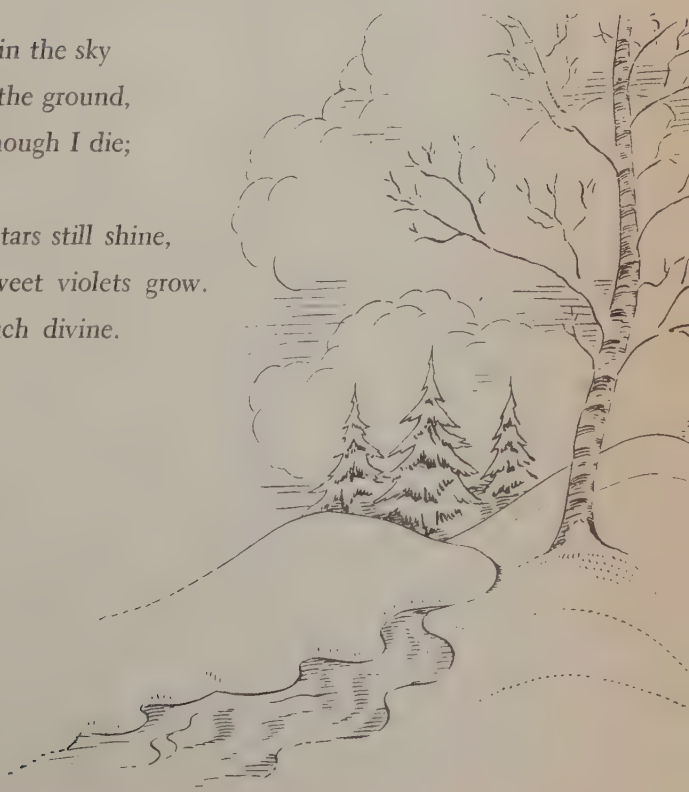
"But you don't know—more money—the shining heart—" the old lady muttered, and that was the last word she said that night. For in that instant she gave a shudder and fell to the floor in an unconscious, moaning heap.

(*To Be Continued*)

TRANSITION

By Annie Wells Cannon

I know there are clouds in the sky
And a sheet of snow on the ground,
But what care I? E'en though I die;
For I have found
Beyond the clouds the stars still shine,
And under the snow sweet violets grow.
All things await the touch divine.



Anniversary Day

"THE Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," the opening song of that memorable meeting held March 17, 1842, in Joseph Smith's store in Nauvoo, Illinois, gave voice to the spirit that burned within the hearts of eighteen women gathered together, that a prophet of God might organize them into a society for service and self-development.

With the passing years the hearts of thousands of women have burned with the spirit of Relief Society. Its benevolent administrations have been a blessing; its endless opportunities for self-expression have brought joy and development to Latter-day Saint women; its achievements have been glorious.

March 17 the gratitude of Relief Society members will be expressed in Anniversary Day observances. Thousands of women in twenty-two nations will "honor those who fashioned for good the ideals we cherish". An entire sisterhood will pause to take thought of the divinity within our organization, of the inspiration that guides its destinies, and will pray that it may know an even more glorious future.

Therefore it seems fitting that Anniversary Day programs interpret the spirit of the organization. Though not necessarily somber and formal, a certain dignity and appropriateness should characterize them.

AN understanding of the purposes of the organization, an appreciation of its history and accomplishments, an insight into the lives of those who have contributed to i onward march is evidenced in man interesting programs of the past.

An entertaining and appropriat program centering around Eliza Ro ey Snow, the first general presider of the Society in the valleys of th Rocky Mountains, was given in on of the wards. Sister Snow was pr sented in a brief biographical sketc as patriot, poetess, and religious lea er. This was followed by the rend tion of "O My Father", that i spired gem for which she will alway be loved and remembered. Othe familiar songs, the words of whic were her compositions, were re dered as vocal and instrument numbers. Two of her poems we read, "I Love My Flag" and "M Heart Is Fix'd". Concluding th program a brief explanation of th Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poet Contest was given, and the priz winning poem for the year was rea by its composer.

Each of our general presiden have been unusually endowed, the contributions unique, and might l similarly featured on Anniversa Day programs.

Ward Relief Society histories len themselves to profitable entertai ment. A recent Anniversary pr gram dramatized the most outstan ing contribution of each administr tion to the growth of the Ward o ganization. A reader introduced eac scene by reading explanatory e cerpts directly from the history an concluded the scene by introducin the sister who was president of th particular administration. This wa

was fortunate in having each past president present. A bouquet of flowers was presented to each, and a brief response given. The Singing Mothers rendered musical numbers between each scene.

Delightful entertainments have been given featuring various phases of the Relief Society program—welfare, education, homemaking, etc. A large replica of the Magazine was utilized by one ward in its Anniversary program. The Magazine was opened, like a door, by a woman beautifully gowned in white, representing Relief Society. From the pages of the Magazine the sisters stepped forth and formed effective still pictures of each phase of the work; each picture was introduced by a reader. Special musical numbers were rendered. This program closed with women ranging in age from very young to those of advanced years, representing Relief Society membership. The last scene was most effective, summing up the meaning of Relief Society in the lives of its members.

Wholesome social contacts have always been encouraged. How many delightful Relief Society birthday parties have been given, where tables have been made beautiful with the Relief Society colors, gold and blue (never green and white), centered with a birthday cake, where delicious luncheons have been served and clever toasts given. Many of our sisters are almost entirely dependent upon the Church for their social life. What an ideal time is our Anniversary for providing this needed entertainment.

Anniversary programs should utilize Relief Society members as far as possible. If the entertainment is given at night the use of children should be avoided. Relief Society is an organization of mothers working for the best interests of children. Little children should not be deprived of sleep in order to entertain mothers. If games are used in our entertainments they should be games which challenge the interest of mature women.

SHOULD those eighteen charter members of Relief Society step from the pages of history on March 17, 1939, would they be proud and happy to join with your ward in its Anniversary observance? Would they feel again the spirit felt that March 17, 1842? Would they see their ideals a living issue, magnified, bringing joy to every Latter-day Saint woman? Anniversary Day programs should be more than ordinary programs, with the usual run of music and verse. They should stir us afresh with an appreciation of our organization. They should bring together the women of the Church in a spirit of love and fellowship. Anniversary Day should be a day when every woman has a good time, when she returns to her home grateful for the completeness of the organization and her membership in it, singing in her heart,

"For glorious achievement throughout the passing years,
For wond'rous devotion that ever endears,
We honor and love those who fashioned for good
The ideals we cherish, ennobling womanhood."

"Making Friends With Life"

—Dr. James Reid

By Lais V. Hales

ONE of the crying needs of our day is that we should make friends with life. The Chinese have such a habit. There, even though a man is desperately poor and unfortunate, he will sit in the sun with his bit of bread and taste the beauty of the flowers, the trees, the birds. No outside influence can destroy his inner calm or take away his joy. "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Life to many of us is like a dog with an uncertain temper. We never know at what moment it may turn and bite us. Some people are suspicious of life. Some are hostile to it while others fight it. Most of us are never quite happy, never wholly at our ease. We have not made friends with life.

In making friends with life two things should be remembered. One is the habit of realizing joys as they pass. "I mark only the sunny hours," is the motto on a sundial. That way of living is not possible, for the dark hours cannot be cut out of our lives. But "much of the good of life is lost for want of noting it and tasting it with gratitude before its passing." The other fact that we must remember is acceptance. Rebellion is foolish and the way to bitterness. In life there *will* be things that annoy and wound. Accept them, for they are part of God's discipline. With this acceptance will come peace.

Christ tells us that "life is God's instrument for making us what He wants us to be, and for giving us His own best gifts." There are things God can give us through the sweet and lovely experiences of life. But there are things He can give us only when some wound has made an opening for His love and care. There are things He can say to us through a sunset, and there are things He can say to us through a sorrow.

We must realize that whatever happens, it is all good. We can be sure of God's love in everything. He does not strike the cruel blow. Sorrow comes to us in a world which He has made. "His power to control and transform for our good that which happens we must keep in mind. We become friends with life when we make friends with God."

To attain this Christ tells us to find time or make time for quietness and solitude. "Be still, and know that I am God." It is in inner quietness with God that our souls are nourished. Like plants in the garden, the quality of our life on the surface depends on the roots—the life below the surface. Peace comes from knowing that God is our friend. "The world," said Keats, "is the vale of soul-making."

FRUSTRATION is a very common feeling. Some of us are frustrated by ill health, weakness of will, moral failure, physical limita-

tions. In a sense none of us fulfil our dreams. Our reach exceeds our grasp. This feeling of frustration may come from missing the real meaning of life. "The real purpose of our being is that God's Spirit should be kindled in us and come to burn in our lives." We feel frustrated unless we are of use to others. Only by learning to give ourselves do we find ourselves. Happiness cannot be found by seeking it—even in religion. It can only be found by forgetting ourselves.

God cares for each of us. We need to hold this belief close to our hearts today. We must not lose our sense of being worth while to God. If we do life becomes "just a mean struggle in the dark".

Why do good men suffer and evil men often prosper? This question goes "sounding and sobbing" through the Psalms. Why are prosperous people so often spiritually blind? This often happens where life is uneventful. No reverses, no sorrows, no trials, enter their lives. But let these come and they seek God. Most of us come to God through some sense of need. This may seem cruel if we don't remember that, "The whole meaning of life is that we should grow out of the material world into the spiritual."

In these busy days we need to learn the art of resting. "The quiet Sunday has behind it a law of nature, and the laws of nature are the laws of God." We should not only rest on Sunday—we should rest with God. For this quietness Sunday provides the time, and its worship the opportunity. If it were only for these things our Sundays should be cherished and guarded.

Heaven is a condition not a place. "He who has put his weak hand into the hand of Christ knows that he has been gripped by something which is not going to let go. If we know God in Christ and trust Him, we know that this love is the foundation of all things.

"Surely His goodness and kindness
Will abide when my seeing is dim.
He is everlasting divineness;
I will house me in Him."

EVIDENCE

By Della Adams Leitner

We say we love the Sermon On The Mount,
It is the true ideal for all good things.
In contemplation of its noble truths
Our hearts are thrilled, our inspiration wings,
And we are lifted up, our spirits soar;
And this is well. But if we fail to take
Back to the valley of our daily lives
These things to live by, then we only make
A pretense that the doubters scoff to see.
Interpreting is our responsibility.

The Valentine

By Alice Morrey Bailey

"MOTHER, don't get cross if I ask you something, will you?"

"Well, go ahead. What is it?" Marian raised her head from the pillow to look at Tommy.

"Mother, I— Well, Mother, it's like this. You see, all the kids are giving all the other kids valentines. I haven't enough to go around."

"Oh! Is that what you disturbed Mother for, Tommy? Couldn't you see I have a headache?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. You've always got—" Tommy bit his lip on the last word and left the room, his face drained of the hope it had held.

Marian sighed. Tommy should have known better than to intrude on her when she was in this mood. His steps had sounded so like Hervey when he walked to the bed. It was cruel never to know Hervey's steps coming toward her again like that, to see his bright, impish face. Her eyes filled with tears again, and she buried her face in the pillow. She had had the "blues" all day, beginning in the morning when she had run across Hervey's brown school oxford in a box in the closet. The mate to that oxford had been lost in the accident that had taken him forever from them.

She heard Therese come in and put her school books on the table in the hallway.

"Goodness!" she thought. "Is it that time?" Alf would be home in less than an hour and nothing done towards dinner.

Arousing herself she went into the kitchen. She decided that she'd bet ter prepare the vegetables before she started the lunch dishes, stacked not too tidily on the sink. Oh dear What could she have for dessert? Too late for anything except a bottle of fruit and some wafers—if there were any left.

Therese came from her room With a glance at her mother's face she attacked the dishes, her lovely mouth a little grim, her eyes rebel lious.

DINNER was a heavy meal. Al looked at her sharply and fel to eating silently. It seemed to he he was not sympathetic lately. There were times when expressions of dis tinct annoyance flitted across hi face.

She looked at the other four mem bers of her family: Therese, nineteen Isabel, seventeen, and Janice, fifteen —Alf used to call them his "step ping stones"—and Tommy, nine Hervey had left a gap. He would have been twelve now. Maria smothered a sob with a sigh.

"Mother, the funniest thing hap pened in school today," recite Janice, her eyes sparkling with rem iniscence. "You know old Funny face, our Algebra teacher? Well, was sitting by Marie and he—"

Janice's story died a natural death No one laughed, and she, too, fe to eating silently.

"By the way, Isabel, where wer you last night?" said Therese suc denly.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" tossed Isabel.

"What do you mean by that?" said Alf.

"Nothing," said Isabel blandly. She looked at her father with clear, unreadable eyes.

"Well, Daughter, where were you? Didn't you go to Mutual?"

"Probably running around with Gib Spencer again," put in Therese.

"Therese!" reproved Marian.

"You haven't answered my question, Isabel," reminded Alf.

"Well, I wasn't doing anything out of the way. Gib is nice—as nice as Dewey."

Therese widened her eyes at this blasphemy, but held her tongue.

"That isn't the point, Isabel. You should have been in Mutual; and we'd like to make Gib's acquaintance."

"Yes, imagine bringing him here," said Isabel under her breath.

"What?" said Alf.

"Nothing," mumbled Isabel.

"May I go out to play after supper?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, an hour," granted Marian.

After supper Alf dispatched Isabel and Janice to the kitchen to take care of the dishes. Therese took the vacuum and the dust cloth to the living room. By that token they all knew that she was expecting Dewey. Dewey, a bright young lawyer, and Therese had been engaged for over a year.

"WHAT in the world is that?" said Alf, putting down his paper. Outside there was a rising clamor of angry little-boy voices. Alf stepped to the door. Tommy, paper-white and sobbing, was holding at bay on the front sidewalk a mob of jeering, shrieking boys. When Alf opened the door they fled.

"Yes, the old cowards!" Tommy sobbed. "Why don't they come and fight me on my own property?"

"What's the matter, son? Calm down now so that you can talk."

"Well, they said I—I didn't hold up my end of the bargain. They aren't going to send me any valentines 'cause I didn't give a present on the school tree at Christmas. I don't care. I don't want their old valentines. They're my enemies. Everybody's my enemies—my teachers, and even my own mother."

"Tommy! Tommy!" said Alf, shocked. Oh dear! thought Marian, distressed. What a terrible child he is growing to be—a problem child.

"You'd better apologize to your mother, now," said Alf sternly.

Tommy choked. "Well, I'm sorry. Only I don't get a handkerchief, and I can't remember to brush my teeth and our row doesn't get a gold star on account of me."

"That's enough! Now why didn't you give a present at Christmas?"

"Well, I didn't have one to give and we drew names, and I told Mother, but she didn't give me one."

"I forgot about it," said Marian. "But I've been so nervous and upset. You just can't imagine—"

"Yes, I know," said Alf. "Well, surely you can see where all this is leading to, Marian."

"I can see where all what is leading to?" said Marian. "I'm sure I'm not to blame. Tommy will have to learn to brush his teeth without being told. You know what I've been going through this last year."

The inference disquieted her, however, and later she asked Alf what he meant by it, but he only grunted and retreated behind his paper.

DEWEY came.

"I suppose you are all aware of my designs," he said after his greeting, slipping an arm about Therese. They all laughed but Isabel, who looked at them with silent distaste. Dewey was quick to notice it.

"Do I hear a dissenting vote?" he bantered. "What are your objections, my girl."

"I'm not on the witness stand," flashed Isabel, but she laughed.

"Mother, come and see what Tommy has done," wailed Janice from the kitchen. "Cut up my pictures for my Home Ec. scrapbook. And just look what he's done to the kitchen."

"You'll have to pick up every scrap of paper," scolded Marian. "Why don't you ever ask? What did you do that for?"

"Oh, she don't need to make such a fuss just because I wanted to make a few little old valentines."

Dewey left before Tommy had obeyed and been packed off to bed, sulking.

Isabel jumped every time the telephone rang and turned each call to other members of the family disappointedly. Finally she went to bed. Janice had already gone, after scolding a little about the clothes she must wear the next day.

Therese waited until there was no danger of interruption and then laid down her book.

"Mother," she began, "Dewey was asking me again tonight how soon we can be married. I've been wanting to talk to you about it for a long time, but—"

"Oh, Therese, must we go into that again tonight? This has been such a hard day for me. The evening has been terrible."

"They all are, Mother, and this thing has to be settled," said Therese with unprecedented callousness. "You've been putting us off so long."

Alf looked at Therese keenly, but said nothing.

"You're plenty young yet, Therese. Nineteen is too young."

"I can't see what difference it makes so long as I am sure about Dewey. I'm a year older than I was last year, and it was all set then. We've waited a decent interval, and we have to have something definite to work toward. Besides, I'll either marry him soon or break with him. I think too much of him to keep him dangling."

"What was your idea, Therese?" said Alf quietly.

"Well, I did have an idea—of course, it's too late now—that a Valentine wedding would be beautiful. There are so many things you can do with decorations. Some of the girls want to give me showers, and I still think a valentine trousseau tea would be lovely."

Marian caught her breath.

"I couldn't bear it. Have you forgotten that it was last Valentine night that Hervey was—" she paused, "and that he had a part that night? He jumped on his bike to go after someone he had forgotten to invite. He never came back." Marian was crying again.

"Oh yes, Mother. I truly had for

gotten," said Therese contritely. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"I don't see how you ever could forget," Marian wept.

THAT night after they had gone to bed Marian wept again. She expected Alf to take her into his arms and comfort her, as usual, but he didn't.

"The children are so thoughtless," she complained. "Tommy is getting so rude. They are all so selfish and self-centered. They don't seem to miss Hervey, nor to realize how I miss him. No one knows how I feel."

"Don't blame them too much. They are normal young people with their own lives to live. No one can stop them."

"Not even the loss of a brother," Marian couldn't help saying.

"We have living children," said Alf sharply. "There is more than one way to lose a child." He turned his back.

It was more than Marian could stand. The children, and now Alf! How true it was that a father couldn't feel the love that a mother could. Alf had never failed her before. In that minute she was certain that she had made a mistake in her marriage. She wept silently and didn't sleep for hours. She was ill again when she awoke. She didn't get up to get breakfast. "They'll have to do the best they can. I just can't, feeling as I do." She was relieved when the house was silent.

Her mind followed a well-worn track—a track that had its beginning and end in Hervey, his characteristics, his words, his tragic death. Around and around her thoughts flew, like birds in captivity. Her heart ached with an actual, physical pain, almost beyond the limit of endurance. It seemed, with the thoughtlessness of these others, that the only precious thing she had in life had been snatched from her.

She had an overwhelming desire to be nearer Hervey, and suddenly she thought of some notebooks he had given her at the end of his fifth grade year—his spelling book with not a single mistake, his Nature scrapbook with the "A plus" mark. They must be in the bottom of her trunk.

She delved, piling the things on a chair. Only old treasures were kept here—her wedding dress of changeable white and blue taffeta, Alf's uniform with his overseas cap, his black box that he always kept locked. Marian had suspicioned, not without jealousy, it must contain keepsakes from former sweethearts. She put it on top of the precarious pile and bent into the trunk.

With a clatter the black box fell, springing the lock and spilling its contents around her knees. Letters! She turned them over one by one. Without exception they were letters from her to Alf. He had saved every written word—her greeting cards and postcards. She read them all as the morning slipped by, and they revealed to her a girl, a bride, a young mother that she had long forgotten. And with revelation there came censure—her own censure of herself. It came from scraps of letters, scraps of yesterday's conversation.

"I must tell you of Isabel's birthday party. What a hospitable child she is, and how she sparkled with all that company! We must keep our

home open to them always." That must have been that trip to Denver Alf took when Isabel was seven.

"—I wish you could see him. He has such an honest little chin. Do you think that some day he might be president?" That had been the awful time when Tommy was born and Alf had had to be away. And a little farther in the same letter: "We have such an ideal family. I think we might even crop out with an artist. Janice paints everything in sight with her crayons—and is amazing for a five-year-old."

That hadn't been an idle prediction. What had happened to Janice's painting? It had been months since she'd thought of it.

The last one was a valentine addressed to Camp Lewis in 1918. On the back in her girlish hand: "I mean it. I offer you all my heart. How much longer will it be? Eternity is too short to spend with you." That February she had been nineteen!

Poor Therese! Poor little Tommy! Fighting a world of enemies. Making his own pitiful valentines.

"There's more than one way to lose a child," Alf had said.

She looked at the clock. Twelve-thirty. There was time for a beginning.

"OH, Mother! Who washed the curtains? May I have a party? How clean everything smells," enthused Isabel several hours later.

"I'll tell you what! Bring the crowd in for cake and punch Tuesday night after Mutual, but right now I want you and Therese to make out a list of guests for a Trousseau Tea on Valentine day," said Marian, and was rewarded by the glory that filled Therese's eyes.

"Great day!" sang Isabel.

"Mother, you make the best suppers. I bet those mean old kids didn't have pie, and I'm glad. Mother, if I had Hervey they wouldn't dare beat up on me." Tommy subsided at the warning glances from around the table.

"Indeed they wouldn't," said Marian, seeming not to notice. "Tommy, let's clear off the table and figure up how many valentines you have to have."

"Oh, boy!" Tommy obeyed with alacrity, and in a few minutes Janice approached them shyly.

"Mother, have you time to look at something I painted to-day?"

All evening Alf's surprised eyes were on her.

"I'm sorry, Marian, that I was rude last night," he said later. "Don't think I haven't noticed how much Tommy walks like Hervey. Sometimes it—"

Poor Alf! Marian told him, then, about the letters and the valentine.

"So you see, it's terribly clear to me how selfish grief can be. Not that I love or miss Hervey any the less, but I'm afraid I was more concerned about myself. Anyhow," she finished, "I'm glad Tommy'll get his valentines."

OLD VOLUMES

Weary of the winter, let us go to the fields
Rejoicing in the power that the high sun wields.
On the lifeless furrows he bends his ken,
And multitudes of fruitful lives are born again.

But let us not envy him the might of his eye
We who can gaze at ink long dry,
Printed by presses that are long since rust,
And awake strong souls from the powerless dust.

In the barren, silent old volumes they lie;
See them stir at the warmth of your eye—
Hear them murmur like far-off thunder,
The singers of beauty, the seers of wonder.

—*Carlton Culmsee.*

The Body's Need for Protein

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe

Home Economics Department—University of Utah

IN the previous article the body's need for heat and energy was discussed. The present article will consider the body's need for building materials. The reader will recall that one depends largely upon the sugars, starches, fats and to a lesser extent upon protein foods, such as milk, cheese, eggs, cereals and meat, for the heat and energy needed by the body. For growth and maintenance of body tissue one needs the above mentioned foods, but in addition water and the mineral salts are required. All of these building materials must be supplied in the food if the body is to grow and function normally.

Next to water, protein composes the greatest proportion of the body tissue. The term "protein" is derived from a Greek verb meaning "to take first place". The word proteins is a group term covering a large number of foods which include the element nitrogen. Today we know much more about the growth and functioning of the body than was known when protein was assigned the "first place" in nutrition. However with this additional knowledge, protein foods still occupy a very important place.

Nature of Proteins

THE proteins are essential constituents of every living cell, both plant and animal. No cell can be formed without the help of proteins. They make up the greater part of all the muscle tissue as well as the brain and nerve tissue. Proteins are important constituents of the blood and of the secretions of the various glands that have so much to do in regulating the functions of the body. Proteins are also used in the manufacture of the digestive juices.

Proteins differ from our other foods—starches, sugars, and fats—in that they contain the element nitrogen. This important element is taken from the soil by the growing plants. Nitrogen, together with the water from the soil and the carbon dioxide from the air, is used by Nature to manufacture protein foods. The original source of all proteins is the vegetable kingdom. Man and animals eat the vegetable proteins and use them to build animal proteins which are used for the growth of body tissues and to perform the many other important functions assigned to them.

Protein is a very complex substance. There are many different kinds and sources of proteins. The animal proteins, such as milk, cheese, eggs and meat, are the principle sources. The cereals, because of being used in such large amounts, constitute an important source. There is a limited amount of protein in all fruits and vegetables.

Proteins are made up of varying combinations and quantities of twenty-three amino acids or building stones each containing the import

ant element nitrogen. All the amino acids have characteristics in common; yet each one is a distinct chemical unit. Borrowing Mary Swartz Rose's[1] means of explaining the composition of proteins, one thinks of the amino acids as a large assortment of beads of twenty-three different colors and sizes and many of each kind in the collection: "To represent a protein we may select one sample of each of the different beads and arrange a figure; or we may take the same twenty-three amino acids, some kinds singly, others by threes or fours, perhaps some by the dozen and arrange another figure of quite a different pattern." Each figure will represent a certain protein and yet each will be very different in its composition. Some proteins contain all the amino acids. some only seventeen while others are made up of only ten or twelve amino acids. The writer is refraining from giving the scientific names of the amino acids as they are difficult to remember and would only be confusing.

Classification of Proteins

EACH amino acid is an entity and has a special role in nutrition. No one of them can take the place of any other. They can, however, supplement each other. We speak of a protein that contains all of the amino acids, twenty-three of them, and each one in a sufficient amount, as a complete protein. Complete proteins are capable of maintaining growth and supporting new growth. Examples of complete proteins are: milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat, certain nuts and part of the protein in corn, wheat, and soy beans. Proteins are spoken of as "partially incomplete" when they are lacking in certain amino acids and are capable of maintaining growth but cannot support new growth. Part of the proteins in cereals are of this group. There is still another group known as "incomplete" which are incapable of either maintaining life or supporting growth when fed as the only protein. Gelatin and the zein in corn are the best examples. All of the proteins that are partially incomplete or incomplete are found almost entirely in the vegetable and cereal foods.

The fact that proteins differ in their amino acid make-up is not so serious as it may appear. Proteins have supplementary values and in our customary diets we combine proteins from the different groups, for example: one eats potatoes, an incomplete protein, with meat, a complete protein; macaroni with cheese; bread with milk; vegetables with meat, eggs or cheese, etc. Through these supplementary values all proteins may function as complete proteins.

Growth and Repair of Tissue Requires Protein

THE adult does not store protein in his body, so that his need for this type of food is not so great as it was during growth when he was storing protein in the new tissue that was being formed. All living cells are undergoing changes as long as life lasts and are in constant need of repair or renewal. The food supply must carry this repair material to the blood stream. All of the proteins are broken down, through the processes of digestion, into their amino

[1] *The Foundations of Nutrition*, Mary Swartz Rose.

acids. As these amino acids are carried by the blood to the cells all over the body the ones that are needed for repair are utilized.

In growing children it is not only a matter of repairing worn-out cells but of building new tissue; hence the need for protein food is much greater than for adults. A baby doubles its weight in six months and trebles it in one year. There is no time during the entire life cycle when growth is so rapid. Nature realized this and provided the best and most complete protein, milk, to supply the need for protein. Throughout the entire growth period the body requires a comparatively large amount of protein. Of the total amount needed at least one-half should be the complete proteins such as milk, cheese, eggs, and meat. These complete proteins combined with cereals and vegetables will make all of the proteins complete. It is interesting that long before we knew anything about the chemical or nutritional values of proteins such combinations became traditional.

Amount of Protein Needed by the Body

STUDIES made of protein consumption show a great variation in the amount consumed. Families with higher incomes consume a greater amount than those with lower incomes. Meat, milk and eggs are usually expensive sources of proteins and are used liberally where the budget will permit. Families of lower incomes use greater quantities of cereal and vegetable proteins, supplementing them with the cheaper cuts of meat. Milk is usually reduced to a minimum.

The investigators are not agreed as to the best amount of protein, but it seems wise to avoid either extreme and to use a moderate amount. There are evils associated with either an excessive or an insufficient amount. Dr. Sherman, an outstanding authority in the field of Nutrition, recommends one gram per kilo[1] of body weight, or in other words, one-half gram per pound. Since this standard is not practical for general use these simple suggestive menus[2] for the day's protein may be followed:

FIRST DAY

Food	Amount	Gram Protein
Milk	1 pint	16
Cottage Cheese	⅓ cup	14
Liver	3"x5"x½"	16
Bread	4 slices	12
Total		58

SECOND DAY

Food	Amount	Gram Protein
Milk	1 pint	16
Pork chop	1 medium	17
Egg	1	7
Bread	4 slices	12
Shredded Wheat	1 biscuit	3
Baked Beans	½ cup	7
Total		62

Most other foods usually appearing in the diet may be counted on to furnish small additional amounts of protein. Generally, if one includes in the daily diet one pint of milk, one average serving of lean meat, one other protein-rich food such as an egg, a serving of cheese, beans, etc., together with a serving of whole cereal, one will be assured of sufficient protein.

[1] 1 kilo equals 2.2 pound.

[2] *Nutrition*: Chaney and Ahlborn, pg. 99.

As stated above if the income is adequate, it is not difficult to supply a sufficient amount of protein when one may select freely from milk, lean meat, eggs and cheese, but when the budget is limited it is much more difficult to supply an adequate amount and still keep the diet palatable. The writer suggests that each mother send for a copy of "Diets at Four Levels of Nutritive Content and Cost," by Stiebeling and Ward, Circular 296, United States Department of Agriculture.[1] This circular will suggest a good selection of foods to meet all the dietary requirements at different cost levels. The low-cost dietary will supply the protein from the food groups as follows:

Cereal products	31%
Milk and cheese	31%
Vegetables and fruits	15%
Meat and eggs	18%
Fats, sweets	5%

The Growing Child's Need for Protein

SINCE the principle function of protein is to build and repair tissue it is obvious that at no time in one's life is it as important to provide adequate protein in the diet as it is during the growing period. The child grows more rapidly during the first year, consequently its need per pound is greater than at any other time. Nature has recognized this need and has provided in mother's milk the best possible protein, lactalbumin. The superior quality of this protein meets the needs of the infant in a smaller amount than would be possible in artificially fed infants. Eggs are also a splendid source of protein for growing children. Lean meat, fish and cheese appear early in a growing child's diet. Whole cereals, well cooked and served with whole milk should enter into the daily diet of growing children. The protein allowance for growing children is higher according to their weight than that of adults and will be met if approximately a quart of milk is consumed daily. More eggs will enter into his diet, otherwise the suggestive protein diets for adults will serve as a guide for the growing child's diet.

There is no dietary deficiency more rapidly noticeable in animal experimentation than a deficiency of protein foods. While it does not furnish so striking a picture in human nutrition, its evil effects are nevertheless present.

Muscular Activity and Protein Requirement

THE common understanding that muscular activity is carried on at the expense of muscle tissue is not true. In extreme muscular activity, such as football or prizefighting, the muscles are actually enlarged, not torn down. What is needed for hard physical work is an additional amount of energy foods, not additional protein foods. When sufficient energy is provided for muscular activity there will be sufficient protein. There is no scientific reason for supplying more meat in the diet of the working man than of the man at the desk.

[1]Address your request to the Supt. of Documents, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and enclose ten cents in money.

Spring Thaw

By Helen Martin

THE smoke from the outside furnace fire rose black against the sun as Ernest Miller threw a pine log under the tubs of boiling water. Effie Miller, pouring brown, slightly smoky lard grease into the spotless buckets standing on the pantry shelf, glanced up as her husband's laughter and pleasant voice drifted in through the partly open window. She loved to hear his voice and to watch his precise movements as he went about the task of butchering an animal. He always knew exactly what he intended to do, and did it. Of course, he had had four years' training at State University in, as she laughingly said, "matters agricultural", but not all of his ability along this line was due to education. Something there was which mere education could not supply.

Her attention was caught by the mailman closing the box at the end of the lane. Piling the rinds from the fat carefully in a bowl, she slid into her galoshes and sweater.

Running up the lane she called to her husband, "Oo—Hoo Ernest! I'm off for the mail."

Her trip back to the house was slower. She opened the single letter and read it as the crisp wind blew her hair around. The snow crunched under her feet.

The conversation of her husband and the neighbor, whose pig he was butchering, stopped suddenly as she came up to them. "Funny," she thought quickly to herself as she tucked the letter in her pocket, "Funny how Ernest gets on with the neighbors; prosperous and poor alike look up to him and value his opinions, while with me they just shut up like clams."

"Bad news?" asked her husband. "Must be, or you wouldn't have deep furrows in your brow."

"Hope not," added the neighbor politely, but coldly.

"Yes, it is bad news. Sister Sandra is ill, and with Ben on full-time work and the children in school there is no one to look after her. She's been used to hired help. Her family isn't used to doing for themselves. I guess they're in pretty much of a mess. At any rate Ben writes that they wish I could come in for a few days just to help get them straightened."

"You'll do just that!" spoke up the neighbor warmly, almost too warmly.

But the remark passed unnoticed as Effie turned into the house. She called over her shoulder to her husband, "Please hurry, Dear, I'll need some help if I'm to get everything done and packed to leave on the early evening train."

Then as the thought struck her—"You think I better go don't you?"

"Of course! I'll be through here in half an hour, then we'll get everything attended to so you can leave without a worry." Turning to the neighbor as Effie closed the door, he added, "She'd worry all the while she was gone if the house wasn't spotless and the pantry full."

"There's some things more important," dryly observed the old man. "Take for instance, raising

children." He looked closely at Ernest as he spoke and was instantly sorry, as he saw the look that crossed the younger man's face. "Sorry," he muttered, "guess it's none o' my affair."

"We'd have a family, but Effie feels that the country doesn't offer the opportunities for educating children that a city does. She won't hear of having a child until we can afford a small house in town as well as the farm"—he stopped suddenly as if he just remembered he was telling secrets not meant for gossip, and added quickly, "never you mind, some day we'll have a family that will rival yours, Will. How's the youngest grandchild?" From here the conversation drifted off to general topics.

THE electric sped on leaving the brown and grays of the village and darting into the midst of square patches of white fields which were broken here and there by clusters of willows and a few trees. The topped grain poking occasionally through the snow shone slightly yellow in the setting sun. Ahead, although still far off, the smoke of the approaching city hung like a threatening cloud over the valley.

Effie's head hummed. The approach to the city always thrilled her. She loved its busy hustle, its crowds, its impersonal tolerance, and its everlasting noise. In spite of her sister Sandra's illness she couldn't help leaning forward in anticipation. There would be no talk here of how many calves were being fed, no endless "quilting bees" with the sharp gossipy tongues wagging, no one watching every move she made with an eye to its value as future material for conversation. Here in the city her marriage to the genial Ernest would have been readily accepted, but only briefly noticed. In the village it was deeply resented. What right had she, a city girl, to come into the village and, after two years' teaching in the small high school, marry the most socially and financially eligible young man in town?

The familiar yellow and black cab stood by the entrance to the station. She gave the driver Ben and Sandra's address and sat back to enjoy the trip through the center of town. Lights, slush, horns, bustle—she loved it all. If it weren't for the worry over her sister she would really have enjoyed the entire trip. The cab stopped by a large town house and Effie got out, paid the driver, grabbed her suitcase and rushed up the steps to ring the bell.

But no Ben answered the bell. Instead a burly gentleman barked, "Well, Sister? What is it?"

"I—I thought this was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Christensen," gasped Effie.

"Sorry, Sister. They lost it over two months ago. We took up their mortgage. They're living down town somewhere. My wife's put their address away, but I don't know where."

Effie pulled Ben's letter out of her purse. Sure enough there on the first page was the new address underlined. She had missed this detail in her worry over the contents of the letter.

"May I use your telephone to call a cab?" she asked.

"Sure thing, Sister. Help yourself. It's here in the hall."

Pacing up and down the street

Effie awaited the arrival of the cab. Strange, Sandra had never hinted in her letters that there was so much wrong with them. Of course, she had written that Ben had lost his supposedly permanent position and had only lately obtained something which, though not in his line, would be a beginning again.

The cab arrived and urging the driver to hurry across town they went through the lights, slush, horns, and bustle to an apartment house of ancient vintage.

In the dim hall of the apartment house she looked over the mail boxes hunting for the one that held the name of Ben and Sandra. Three flights up she hurried and back to the last door in the hall. She rang the bell. Ben answered. The worried look on his face gave way to a half smile as he saw Effie.

"Come in, come in! Gee, am I glad to see you!" he greeted her. "This isn't the big house, but you are just as welcome as if it were. Give me your bag and coat and then, please go right in to San. I just told her today that I had sent for you."

ON a bed in the small bedroom lay Sandra, pale and listless, hair stringy, and nails unkempt. So unlike the smart, well-groomed sister Effie remembered that the difference brought her up short. Trying to hide her surprise and shock she gently grasped her sister's hand, "Darling, I'm so sorry you're ill. You should have written me sooner. I could have come any time."

Tears running down her pale cheeks, Sandra sobbed, "I couldn't, I just couldn't. It was my pride I suppose. You don't know how hard it is to come down to this after all I've been used to. Dear, I'm so glad you are here! You were always a good manager. You can help us if anyone can."

Effie looked around—so much to do—house mussy—boxes piled in the corner. Sandra must have been ailing for a long time; she must get right busy. These thoughts rushed through her mind. Then she became more human. These people had worried and suffered. It could even be seen in the eyes of ten-year-old Billy and fourteen-year-old Susan as they stood in the doorway and watched her.

"Say, I'm starved. I see dinner's on the table, why don't we eat? Billy open my bag, you'll find a sack of your favorite cookies. They will go good with whatever we're eating."

The potatoes were watery, the meat tough, the cookies didn't help the cocoa much! Ignoring these Effie kept up a string of conversation. She told them all the funny things that had happened on the farm. How the new calf wobbled. How Ernest and she had gone skiing and how she tumbled half way down the hill.

After dinner Effie became impractical for the first time in her life. Strangely she felt the need of this family for a mental lift rather than a physical one. She laughingly said, "Let's not even worry about these dishes tonight. Let's just relax."

So she kept up her high spirits. The faces of all of them relaxed and wore smiles as Effie rolled into the pull-out bed with Susan. Bill and his father had been using the pull out. Effie helped them make a lark out of sleeping on the floor.

The next day being Saturday the

children did not have to go to school. Ben worked a half day. Effie and the children working together and making a high game of everything soon got the small apartment in ship shape.

Going through the shelves in the very small kitchen, Effie realized just how bad things were. She found beans, a few eggs, one square of butter, part of a loaf of bakery bread, some sacks containing a little macaroni, some brown sugar, and a handful of rice—only these! How different from her own pantry! Her shelves were filled with many things found on the country table: bacon, eggs—plenty of them, jams, jellies and numberless cans of fancy "city food." Then there was her basement: bottles of fruit, vegetables, meats, bins of apples, potatoes, carrots, cabbage and onions. In the cooler stood lovely rich milk, butter and cream. She had never really appreciated these things so much as she did now, realizing how difficult it must be to keep house without them.

She must bring herself to the task of finding just how bad Sandra's condition was. Most important she must find some way to bring them all out of their mentally depressed state. It wouldn't do to have this going on longer. Of course, she didn't know just what was wrong with Sandra, but with half an eye she could see that she was underfed and terribly worried. Well, she would have all those problems out with Ben when he came home in the afternoon.

IN the afternoon Effie sent the children out to skate on the ice in the park. Sandra under the influence of Effie's kind rubbing and her nourishing lunch, dozed off into a restful sleep. Ben and Effie sat down at the kitchen table to settle the many problems facing this unhappy family. First, and easiest settled was Sandra's condition.

Ben said the doctor had given her a number of examinations to determine just what the trouble was. It had been decided that she was just generally run down and worn out, with her nerves a complete wreck.

"So you see," Ben pointed out, "she needs rest, good food, and fresh air. Then when she is stronger, if she will have her tonsils out, the doctor feels that she will be almost new again."

"We will settle this first," insisted Effie. "She will come home with me. You and the children can manage alone. In the country she will get all of the things she needs. We have a good doctor who can take care of her tonsils. Now let us get on to the other worries."

In going over the financial figures they found that Ben had been able to save a fair equity out of the big house, but it had been used for the purchase of other unproductive property.

Ben told Effie how they had stored their furniture, because Sandra couldn't bear to part with it. She couldn't give up the idea of sometime coming back to her old place. However, since they had been snubbed so much by their old friends, Sandra had lost interest in going back. He told her that even the apartment was too expensive when he considered his present salary,

especially when he kept the children in their schools.

With a sweeping hand it was decided to sell all of the furniture except that which was needed. The equity was to be put into a small place in the suburbs, one that had a chicken coop and room for a small kitchen garden. Then the children were to leave their private schools and enroll in the public school nearest their new home. Together Effie and Ben went over and over his salary to budget it to the best possible advantage. They finally arranged things so that Ben wouldn't have to drop his insurance; the children wouldn't have so many clothes, but they would get along very well if they were careful.

Standing up, stretching his legs, straightening his shoulders, Ben said, "I feel like a man let loose from a trap. I have been so stunned by everything that I haven't been able to think. When I remember how we held on to that large house, hoping things would change and wasting money, I could kick myself. Now I'm going out to hunt the best suburban house at the most reasonable price I can find. It'll be grand for the children. I know I'm going to be happier."

As he was putting on his overcoat Ben turned to Effie, "Say, please, will you forgive me? I've always figured you a sort of 'high and mighty' person. You're a 'peach.' Believe me I'll not forget it soon."

A WEEK later Effie and her sister left on the electric for the farm. As the country scenes slid by Effie remembered Ben's words—"high and mighty" person—maybe that was what everyone in the village thought. *That* was her trouble! She looked down on people—not on a level with them.

The country seemed unusually lovely. The February winds were melting the snow, and here and there the road showed black. The mud looked deep, rich and sticky. She loved it. How she loved it! The city had lost its glamor. She knew now that it was the way a person lived not where he lived that made him happy. It was a spring thawing. Her pride and heart and the country were thawing together.

"We're staying thawed out too," Effie spoke out loud.

"Thawing what?" asked her sister.

"Nothing—or everything—I don't realize what I'm saying I'm so happy to be going home. Oh see, Sandra, there is the village! Isn't it lovely! There is even a little green grass to the south of the big trees. It is a real spring thaw!"

How Psychology can Help Me as an Adult

By Mark K. Allen, Psychologist, Utah State Training School

(Address, Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1938)

CENTRAL theme of Latter-day Saint philosophy is that the spirit of man is eternal and and that it progresses through the experiences it undergoes. The improvement of self through service to others becomes the great aim of life, since this improvement fits one better for the service he is to render in the life to come. But we need not think of eternal progress in vague and abstract terms: rather we should think of it as the daily improvement of habits, the acquiring of new information and outlooks, and the acquisition of new skills. We prepare ourselves for eternity to the extent that we succeed in getting along well with people, spread happiness into the lives of others, and mutually assist each other in reaching a higher plane of living, as well as in complying with the more formal requirements of the Church.

Formation and revision of habits is one way of moving in the direction suggested above. Habits are formed only as there is incentive to acquire them. Three steps are necessary for the acquiring of a new habit: first, get a clear conception of the goal of the habit you wish to form and a clear idea of the reasons why you think it is important; then, *analyze the results* of your efforts to determine exactly what methods lead most directly to the goal; and finally, *repeat the proper acts* as often as possible once they have been recognized. "Good intentions" are not always enough to form good habits; we must make sure the habits we are to form are important, and not simply mental gymnastics to show that we can do what we set out to do. Likewise, we should not undertake tasks that are too new to us, but rather choose habits which are necessary and which we feel morally certain we can achieve. Choose habits that are concrete and definite, not generalities like abstract "goodness." Many a person's will is paralyzed because he has formed the vicious habit of trying to form new habits and to do tasks that are too difficult and which force him to fail. The power to do, or will power, grows by our successes more than by our failures.

We need not think of the formation and revision of habits as being something only for the young. Popular opinion as to the inability of adults to learn is in error. Recent experiments have shown that there is very little decline in learning ability from one's twenties until after one's sixties. New tasks can actually be learned as well by people in middle life as at any other time, provided the incentive is there. Unfortunately, many adults lack the incentive to take up new endeavors,—new skills, subject matter, and outlooks. People differ greatly in the way they change with age, just as they differ in intelligence or personality; but speaking of most people, there is no need for discouragement as to the mature person's ability to learn al-

most as well as he did when he was young.

In fact, faith that one is able to continue his progress gives a kind of hope which itself promotes learning. "Keeping one's hand in" learning activities helps us to keep plastic and adaptable to new conditions, partly because it keeps up our confidence in our learning ability. This ability to make changes in one's life as needed is very valuable as old age approaches. Habits must then be revised according to new physical needs, changing conditions in the home as the children marry, and other changes in the home picture. Old age need not be a period of despair and unhappiness provided one has made the changes that are required, and provided that new interests are acquired to fill up vacancies left by the marriage of the children.

WE are told by modern psychology that learning has much to do with the way we react emotionally. Emotional habits are among the most important we have, since they relate so closely to our ability to get along with people and the general happiness-tone of our lives. Emotions have a physical basis which makes them linger sometimes after the condition which gives rise to them has been removed. Thus, we say people "get out on the wrong side of the bed," or they go around "with a chip on their shoulder."

When we are in an emotional state, we are likely to make the wrong response to new situations which arise. For example, after we have had a rather unsatisfactory argument with someone, we are likely to proceed to the next contact we have with people in an argumentative mood which is likely to lead us into more difficulties. A chemical substance, adrenalin, is poured into our blood which persists for some time after an anger or fear emotion, which may help to account for this "hanging on" feeling after the danger or provocation has been removed.

We become angry or afraid when circumstances get out of control. When someone frustrates our plans, we generally become angry. The mental result of anger is the reduction of intelligent control; hence, we say "he is blind with anger." The emotion of anger in primitive times had a valuable place in combat, in that it increased physical endurance and power. But in modern life, we seldom must meet anger situations with combat. We have cultivated our emotional life until we more often fight with words than with fists. In modern living our emotional reactions must be more brainy, more intelligent, if they are not to lead us into difficulties. To gain control of our emotions we must delay our reactions until we can take an intelligent look at what is required. Intelligent control of our emotions is one of the best signs of emotional maturity, of being truly grown up.

Fear is much like anger in its physical basis and in its relation to intelligent action. While in anger the usual response is that of attack or aggression, in fear the response is that of withdrawal or retreat. We fight when we are angry and run when we are afraid. But in modern society again, running from the things we fear is not always required, because today we fear physical dan-

gers less than loss of security in the love of others, or economical security, for example. Nevertheless, even in fears of this kind we most often have a tendency to withdraw, not to want to know the "awful truth."

Fear is based on uncertainty and lack of knowledge of what is going to happen, or, knowing what is to happen, not knowing how to prevent it. Knowledge is the best antidote in either case. To dissipate fears of any kind we should investigate, find out all of the facts. Often this convinces us that there is nothing to fear; in other cases it fortifies us to meet the inevitable, and in still other cases it leads to ways of avoiding the impending danger.

THE great test of how one has succeeded in revising his habits, in gaining control over his emotions, appears in the ability to get along with people. To get along with others we must recognize that they have egos as well as we do. Consideration for the happiness of others generally redounds to one's own happiness.

Learn to recognize the hobbies and enthusiasms of others if you would get along with them. People with inferiority feelings often have difficulty getting along with people because they are too absorbed in themselves to be generous with praise and recognition of the interest of others.

Marriage is the great testing ground for personality. Here all of the virtues and flaws of one's nature are brought into full view. Poor emotional control makes marriage difficult, and so does the inability to change one's habits to conform to the new ways of life which are inevitable when marriage is undertaken. Many marital difficulties are the result of failure to grow up emotionally—children unable to go alone without the help of their parents, and parents who are unwilling to let the child grow to full maturity and find his or her own way. Training for happy married life should begin in the cradle.

Marriage is a very complex relationship, and the causes of discord are legion. Dr. Terman of Stanford has recently published the results of an interesting study on marriage in which he investigated thoroughly the personalities of a large number of couples who were happy in marriage and compared them with a large number of divorced couples. He found that among the factors which contribute to happiness in marriage were the following: having had happy parents, a happy childhood, firm but not harsh home discipline, parents who were frank about sex, and the possession of happy temperament. Factors which he found contributed to unhappy marriages were the following: unhappy temperament, too much difference between the intelligence of the husband and wife, wife's slovenly appearance, and sexual incompatability.

Happiness in marriage is perhaps the most important preparation for eternal progress, as well as contentment throughout this life. Children are, of course, an important part of the picture. In later maturity children and happy home life are often the means of fighting off a feeling of emptiness and despair.

THE problem of marriage involves many other persons besides those who are parties to the marriage. One of our most difficult tasks in

later maturity is that of being a good mother-in-law. If a young person is properly trained emotionally through childhood and adolescence, the "mother-in-law" problem would not be a serious one. This is the problem of emotional weaning. The mother must gradually permit the child to assume mature status without too much interference. She can do this only by exercising great emotional control herself, because to step aside and see the child throw off his or her dependence upon her is not an easy task. Training for this weaning should begin in childhood and should be almost complete by the end of adolescence. In some cases missions or a period at school away from home are valuable in bringing about the transition from youth into maturity.

When weaning is not complete, there is likely to be much interference on the part of the parent after the child is married, and this interference has made mothers-in-law famous as the object of all kinds of jokes. A few suggestions are offered as to what a mother-in-law can do to promote a happy married life for her child: (1) substitute the "companion attitude" for the "mother attitude," and avoid taking a prominent place in the new household by living there or dictating what to do; (2) keep out of the quarrels of the child with his or her "in-laws;" (3) guard against gaining personal emotional satisfaction by being too lavish and over-solicitous with the grandchildren; (4) be courageous in accepting the fact that your child has transferred his or her major affection to someone else.

These are a few of the ways in which science tries to aid in the solving of human problems. We have tried to make the doctrine of progress concrete and real, to show that it consists of making good adjustments to everyday needs, and to emphasize that progress is possible by aiming at attainable personal improvement and intelligently pursuing these well defined goals.

NOT FOREVER SAD

The trees once green, then red, then brown, stand naked on the hill,
The stream that whispered as it ran, is frozen at the rill,
The field where waved the golden grain, is naught but stubble now,
The gentle wind that sang in May, is but a dismal sough;
The lad that gathered daisies in a meadow far away
Is lonely, oh, so lonely! now his golden hair is grey.

But the trees are getting ready to bud again in spring,
The stream below the ice has not forgotten how to sing,
The field where waved the golden grain is resting for a day,
And the wind that howls like a fiend will sing again next May,
The lad that gathered daisies, in his soul is still a lad,
There's nothing in this life can make a man forever sad.

—*Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy.*

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

FEBRUARY—Love notes in lacy valentines do oft portend
Affections deeper far than "Just a friend."

PEARL BUCK, with 110 other notable guests, sat at a banquet table in the royal castle in Stockholm on December 11 and received from the hands of King Gustav himself the Nobel prize for the greatest contribution to literature. The prize, beside the Nobel medal was $37,975. What the emotions of this modest woman were can only be imagined. The prize was for no single book but the entire body of the author's work. No other author has ever brought before the world so much knowledge of China and her people.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, popular commentator, in a recent broadcast gave an amusing dissertation on women's hats. She cleverly demonstrated that the best dressed women are those who wear becoming clothes, regardless of fashion, a fact so poignantly told by two leading couturiers in their books, "Designing Women" and "Fashion is Spinach."

WOMEN of Rumania may be called to military service and mobilized in case of war according to a recent government decree.

MARY PICKFORD, piquant, charming as ever, gives the following explanation of her youthful looks, "Time is the noise the clock makes and means nothing else to me."

SVANHILDE LARSON, daughter of a Norwegian skipper, as her father's ship was floundering to destruction in a stormy sea, clung to a broken mast and sang all the songs she knew over and over to keep the sailors working until all were rescued.

JULIA P. M. FARNSWORTH and Elizabeth H. Peery, two notable Utah women, died during the holiday season. Both were daughters of pioneers and active in state and Church work.

ZONA GALE, a popular novelist and winner of the Pulitzer prize in 1921, died last December.

MARGARET SANGER'S "Woman of Destiny," an autobiography, Anne Parish's "Mr. Despondency's Daughter," and the lovely new story "Song of Years," by Bess Streeter Aldrich are new novels for 1939.

OSA JOHNSON having lost her suit against the Western Air Express for the death of her husband, Martin Johnson, will have to postpone her hunting trip to East Africa for some time.

KATHARINE HEPBURN in "Holiday," Alice Brady in "Old Chicago," and Wendy Hiller in "Pygmalion," are listed by New York critics as best actresses for 1938.

Radio Message

By Kate M. Barker

(Station KSL, Monday, December 19, 1938)

IT is a joyous thing to have our feeling of thanksgiving and praise expressed in such beautiful music. It is a call to each of us to "light our torches and mount the heights."

To be a part of a world getting ready for Christmas is a wonderful experience, for Christmas is a kind and charitable time, a loving, forgiving time. Men and women the world over, wherever the spirit of Christ has entered, are getting ready for Christmas, moved by a common impulse, exhibiting a common joy.

Little children are looking forward to Christmas with faces radiant with expectation, with glowing exquisite dreams, because of the faith and hope and love which is theirs. This faith and hope and love is the real spirit of Christmas, and all who have this real spirit face life and the future with the same light in their eyes and the same expectation in their hearts.

How grateful we are that, "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son."

How grateful we are for the testimony of the Son that, "Though a man die, yet shall he live."

How grateful we are for the glorious promise, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Can we do less to show our gratitude than by heeding His plea, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Paul, one of the most learned men of his day, came to this conclusion, "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

These are the things which endure, these are the things which fill all hearts if we have the true Christmas spirit.

Because of the faith and hope and love in our hearts we, the women of Relief Society the world over, at this Christmas time, rededicate our lives to the work of the Master, pledging ourselves to labor with renewed zeal to make life around us more noble, richer, more fruitful and sweet.

We stand at the threshold of a new year with an aspiration, a purpose, a prayer that we may so grow in spiritual sensitiveness that we may sense the needs and have the inspiration to meet the needs; that if there is a kind word that should be spoken we may speak it; if there is one soul who needs encouragement, help or comfort, we may give it; if there is need for a testimony, we may bear it.

This is our best gift, our gold and frankincense and myrrh, which we offer to Him whose birth we celebrate.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XXVI FEBRUARY, 1939 No. 2

EDITORIAL

Advertising Influence

AMONG the many influences which affect the behavior of people today perhaps none is more potent than modern advertising. We buy this brand of foodstuffs, that make of car, we go to see this particular entertainment and read that certain book, because consciously or unconsciously we have been affected by the advertising of these special things. Modern advertising has become a great and important part of American life, drawing to it the most talented and well trained individuals of our day, men and women cognizant of its power to mould opinion and influence conduct. The advertising mediums of our day are many and varied: the newspaper, the screen, billboards, magazines, radio, electric signs—all educational mediums, far reaching, up-to-date, and well financed. What person planning a purchase does not look at the ads in his morning paper? What person does not give attention to the attractively prepared ads in his magazines? Who is not conscious of the sponsor and the product behind his favorite radio program? The very best in music, art, drama, education, the most sparkling wit, and entertaining comedy come to us through the medium of advertising. With ears tuned to popular trends, fads, and interests the advertiser is alert effectively, to capitalize upon these to influence the public to use his special product or commodity. Catch phrases, theme songs, slogans, easily remembered and pointed in meaning, unconsciously and without effort stay with the hearer identified with the item advertised, and definitely influence his attitudes and conduct.

Advertising has great constructive power; that it should be used detrimentally is regrettable. Yet every day it is being used to further commercial interests by popularizing products injurious to our young manhood and womanhood.

Too often before the youth of our

nation ads, striking in attractiveness, present in an enticing and convincing way the benefits, the pleasures, and the satisfactions of using this or that brand of tobacco or liquor. That these ads accomplish their purpose is proven by the marked increase in the use of liquor and tobacco by both men and women, and by the fact that constantly increasing millions are being spent to advertise these commodities. Advertisers are keen business men, and unless the millions spent were increasing sales, they would discontinue such expenditures. Each sale increase means increased use of those things which science and the word of God have said are not good for us.

Much advertising is of such a nature that one scarcely realizes that tobacco and liquor are being advertised. A recent broadcast capitalized upon the popular interest in adequate dietary requirements of youth, intimating that tobacco treated in a certain manner contained elements essential to health.

A magazine advertisement pictured a doctor of medicine, in the attitude of consultation, prescribing tobacco for a young woman, as a step toward happiness, with health implied. This shrewd advertisement implicated the medical profession in its scheme to induce young people to form the tobacco habit.

THERE are many excellent federal and state regulations aiming to control advertising evils, to insure the presentation of true statements, and to protect the consumer. But that these need to be extended and rigidly enforced with regard to the sister evils of tobacco and liquor, there is not the slightest doubt. The power of money behind these evils, however, makes improved legislation difficult.

A few of the laws of the State of Utah with regard to liquor advertising are of interest:

"(b) No advertisement of any alcoholic beverage or light beer shall suggest the absence of harmful effect, or the presence of healthful or therapeutic effect, resulting from the use thereof.

"(c) No advertisement of any alcoholic beverage or light beer shall include, be connected with, or make any reference to the conducting of any form of contest, or the awarding of prizes, premiums or considerations, or refer to any testimonial, or scientific test, proving the absence of harmful effect or the presence of healthful or therapeutic effect of the products so advertised.

"(d) No advertisement of any alcoholic beverage or light beer shall include the likeness or caricature of a woman, child, or a family scene; an illustration of men drinking; an illustration of groups of men that might be interpreted as drinking scenes; an illustration of anything which might be interpreted as having any association with children, particularly children's pets, nor any illustration of fruits or agricultural products, unless such illustrations be a part of a trade mark or label already in use, in which case a replica of the entire trade mark or label only, shall be permitted.

"(f) No advertisement of any alcoholic beverage or light beer shall contain any reference to any person, firm or corporation, real or fictitious, as one who recommends, uses, or purchases such product.

"(k) No advertisement of alcoholic beverages including light beer shall be displayed upon the scene of any theatre.

"(l) No advertisement of alcoholic beverages including light beer shall be made by or through the sale or distribution of novelties such as matches, score cards, lighters, blotters, post cards, calling cards, business or professional cards, menu cards, pencils, coasters, meal checks, napkins, clocks, calendars or similar articles or cocktail recipes or any other recipes or

formulas for the use of such products. Any mention of brand name, code number or sale price shall be considered a violation of this section."

Excellent as the laws of Utah are in this regard they do not control periodicals published in other states.

PUBLIC opinion concerning the use of liquor tends to sway back and forth. At one time people were aroused to such an extent that prohibition on a national scale was accomplished. At first it looked as though it would succeed, but before long public opinion swayed in the other direction resulting in repeal. With repeal the liquor interests began to advertise. More people than could possibly make a living stepped into the industry; then a bold attempt was made to step up consumption. Now the pendulum of public opinion is swinging toward limitation and greater regulation. Cognizant of this the liquor interests have changed their method of approach, attempting to meet the rising tide of indignation with regard to excessive use of liquor by pacifying and lulling into inaction all who favor temperance or abstinence by apparently shouldering arms in the interest of temperance. One of the cleverest and most subtle attempts calculated to advertise the interests of a certain company along this particular plan was the national tour made by a famous "hero of youth," who gave lectures in the interest of temperance, recommending only limited drinking. The name of the company sponsoring the tour and its commodity was thus favorably kept before the public. Much advertising follows this plan. By indicating an interest in temperance, attention is cunningly attracted and favor won for the company and its particular product.

THAT there are still certain periodicals and newspapers public spirited enough and genuinely interested in the development of a strong, clean citizenship to refuse to accept liquor ads in their publications is deeply appreciated by the Relief Society organization which represents 76,000 mothers.

From a letter to our office from Walter D. Fuller, President of the Curtis Publishing Company, we quote: "We do not accept advertising of liquor in our publications." A full-page statement in the December, 1938, issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* outlines the attitude of this large and influential publishing company. The caption in bold type states, "Sorry, we prefer not to introduce him (liquor) to our guests." Further it states, "It is a common courtesy not to receive guests in your home who might embarrass other guests . . . influence some of them to their detriment. . . . *We will not try to influence you* (our guests) *by taking liquor advertising.*"

Our local papers, the *Deseret News*, the *Salt Lake Tribune*, and the *Salt Lake Telegram* are to be highly complimented for taking the same stand. The refusal has undoubtedly cost these concerns many thousands of dollars in recent years.

Our *Relief Society Magazine* accepts no advertising that is not strictly in keeping with Latter-day Saint standards.

We urge our subscribers to exercise every effort to discountenance all advertising detrimental to human welfare, actively to support those or-

ganizations whose standards are our standards, and to protect our children in every possible way from the subtle and constantly increasing influences which we know undermine health and character.

Julia Murdock Farnsworth

THE passing of Sister Julia Murdock Farnsworth at her home in Salt Lake City, December 27, 1938, removed from our midst a choice spirit and a beloved and admired Latter-day Saint woman. Sister Farnsworth, mother of our present General Secretary, Julia A. F. Lund, devoted many years of her life to advancing the work of the Relief Society organization, serving as a member of the General Board from April 4, 1899, to April 2, 1921. She often said that next to her own family the Relief Society held her love. It is not strange that this would be true. The motivating spirit of Relief Society, love of God and love of humanity, motivated her life. The following message taken from Volume II of the *Relief Society Magazine*, published in 1915, and sent as a greeting to the Relief Society sisters by Sister Farnsworth is typical of her:

"We as the children of one great Eternal Parent, in this big world of ours, are cemented by a bond of common interest, a tie of universal love, if we cultivate our affections unselfishly, if we follow the teachings of our Savior, 'Do unto others as we wish to be done by'. For as every star in the firmament tends to light up the heavens by night, so will each good deed, noble life, and worthy thought of our Latter-day Saint women assist in brightening, bettering and glorifying the name of our Heavenly Father's people, for such we profess to be."

Sister Farnsworth did not confine her activities to her Church, she was also prominently identified with the educational and literary development of Utah. A charter member of the Daughters of the Revolution she was also one of the founders of the Daughters of the Pioneers and of the Daughters of the Mormon Battalion. Her charm, intelligence, and love of humanity made her one of the beloved and valuable women of the Church and state. We extend to Sister Lund and to the other members of her family our gratitude for the life of their mother and invoke the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon them in their time of sorrow.

"EDUCATION is essentially the process of discovering the values of life. . . . Unless education places the higher and more spiritual values first, we must expect distorted human characters and social disaster to result. We cannot sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind."—*Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology, Duke University.*

Items OF INTEREST

NEW BOOKS

"Priesthood And Church Welfare"

THIS is a new book published by the Deseret Book Company. It is a study course for the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood for the year 1939, prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve by Dr. George Stewart, Dr. Dilworth Walker, and E. Cecil McGavin. It has been prefaced by Rudger Clawson, President of the Council of the Twelve, and from that preface we quote:

"The Latter-day Saints' Welfare Plan, divinely inspired, is now under way—in the wards, stakes and missions of the Church. The rate of its progress will depend to a large degree upon the actual support given it by the Quorums of the Priesthood. It seemed wise, therefore, to devote the quorum class periods for one year to a consideration of the meaning, problems and opportunities of the Plan. . . .

"The fact that several authors, with different styles of treatment, have presented the main phases of the subject, should make this study course more interesting.

"The Priesthood should be acquainted with the material contained in this study course. It has permanent value, and the volume could profitably be found in every Latter-day Saint library. It is earnestly hoped that the labors here presented may be acceptable to the Lord and useful to the body of the Priesthood.

"May the blessings of the Lord rest upon the Priesthood of Latter-day Israel."

The Welfare Plan, its organization and functions, are all very clearly explained, and it contains lessons on such subjects as: "The Power Of Self-Help", "The Strength Of Cooperation", "Thrift", "The Bondage Of Debt", "Our Natural Resources," "Making Old Things New" and "Temporal Salvation". In addition to the above lessons there are many others of equal interest and importance which can help us and our families to establish ourselves as independent, self-sustaining, happy members of a cooperative community made up of our own ward or branch members.

"The Life Of Joseph F. Smith"

"THE Life Of Joseph F. Smith", a new book compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith, and distributed by the Deseret Book Company, is of interest to Latter-day Saints.

This book is not only a biography of a man great from every point of view but covers a period of Church history when the opinion of the world was in transition from misun-

derstanding and blind hatred of the Church and its teachings to one of understanding and admiration. It reveals the place of President Joseph F. Smith in helping to bring about this transition through his manifest greatness and goodness of character and his unusual leadership abilities. Much light is thrown on Church doctrine through a recording of many of the words of this remarkably spiritual man. Of particular value is the official statement, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the World," recorded in the latter part of the book.

The fore part of the book deals with the ancestry of Joseph F. Smith and furnishes an interesting and comprehensive background for an understanding of his character. In the "Introduction" the following statement is of interest to mothers:

"The impression made upon his soul through the humble and unwavering fidelity of his mother to the cause of truth, became a sure and safe anchor to his soul through all the trials and viscissitudes of his eventful life. Well could he say: 'Nothing beneath the Celestial Kingdom can surpass my deathless love for the sweet, noble soul who gave me birth—my own, own, mother. She was true! She was pure! She was indeed a Saint; a royal daughter of God! To her I owe my very existence as also my success in life, coupled with the favor and mercy of God.' "

The book, prepared primarily for the benefit of the descendants of President Joseph F. Smith, presents him not only as a great religious leader but as a genuinely good husband and father.

The careful attention to accuracy of detail, characteristic of other writings of the author, also characterize this new book.

"The Life of Joseph F. Smith" is interesting and profitable reading for any one.

Magazine Drive

IN reporting the Eastern States Mission on the Honor Roll, published in the December issue, the following branches were omitted:

Branch	Net Enrollment	Subscriptions	Per Cent
Binghampton	4	4	100
Fairview	14	14	100
Scranton	4	4	100

Errors were made in reporting four branches. Correct figures are as follows:

Branch	Net Enrollment	Subscriptions	Per Cent
Altoona	5	7	140
Buffalo	6	13	217
Canandaigua	5	7	140
Pittsburgh	20	23	115

Notes FROM THE FIELD

By Julia A. F. Lund, *General Secretary*

California Mission

"ONE of the musical features of the October Conference was the 200 voices of the Singing Mothers from the California Mission. Five numbers were rendered at the first public session, Wednesday afternoon, October 5th.

"Gathered from all parts of the Mission, with but two brief rehearsals, they were quickly welded into an harmonious chorus by the dynamic leadership of Evangeline Thomas Beesley, with Tabernacle organist Wade N. Stephens at the organ.

"These Singing Mothers had been organized into groups and trained by Nelle Lesueur Macdonald, the Mission Relief Society President, who traveled through the entire Mission from Southern Arizona to the northernmost woods of the Sierras of California. These groups assembled in one chorus for the first time when they reached Salt Lake, bringing to Zion the spirit of the missionfield.

CALIFORNIA MISSION SINGING MOTHERS

"Throughout the summer, these groups held dinners and parties to raise money to meet the expenses of the trip to Conference. Many stirring stories could be told of their efforts, sacrifices, and devotion to their cause, of how families and homes had to be left, of how husbands and neighbors worked to make possible the trip for many

mothers who could not have attended otherwise.

"Following the session where these mission singers sang their spiritual numbers, a special session in the Salt Lake Temple was arranged, with more than 300 Saints from California, Arizona, and Nevada participating. A stirring testimony meeting concluded the Temple session, and it was a day long to be remembered by the California Mission.

"Continued enthusiasm is being manifest since their return to their scattered branches, and the joy, thrills, and spirit of the General Conference is being felt throughout the mission.

"They are to be congratulated upon this achievement. They will long remember and appreciate the opportunity and privilege of singing in the great Tabernacle, made possible by the generous invitation of President Louise Y. Robison."

South Sanpete Stake

A VERY encouraging account of the educational work and the general program of activities comes from the South Sanpete Stake. Particular attention is called to the new course of study.

Quoting from one of the letters: "The response from the young mothers is most gratifying. We feel confident it will bring new life and enthusiasm into the stake work. The sewing center is a new venture of which we are justly proud. It operates three days a week. From 8 to 12 women attend each day. Some of them have never sewed a seam before and are being taught how to do it really well. We appreciate anew the saying of President Robison, 'We work with women, not for them'. We are trying to stimulate the membership drive in various ways. Large posters patterned after the one displayed from the Long Beach Stake have been made for each ward, with spaces for each year until 1942. These posters are placed in the ward with the thought in mind that the members who see the comparative report of each of the wards will be eager to interest and enlist others."

Moapa Stake

AN account of the work in Moapa Stake Relief Society brings to mind the wide diversity of interests which our Relief Society program fosters. While this stake is active in all branches of the work, the account of the Logandale Ward Relief Society program, which was held in honor of Nevada's admission to the Union, is most interesting. This was one of a series given as a part of the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. The first one of the series was held in 1937. This dealt with the drafting and signing of the Constitution in 1787. The second was given in 1938 and was devoted mainly to the ratification of the Constitution. Nevada's early history and her admission to the Union formed one part of the program, while the other part was devoted to national history. One special feature was the playing of the *Federal March*, originally composed by Alexander Reinagle in 1788 and played at the Philadelphia celebration of the ratification of the Constitution in July, 1788. Altogether

it was a most inspirational commemoration, uniting the young and old in doing honor to our great Constitution.

Logan Stake

THE picture below is that of President Joseph Quinney of the Logan Temple congratulating Sister Maria Kristina Persson in front of the Logan Temple on her 92nd birthday.

MARIA KRISTINA PERSSON AND PRESIDENT JOSEPH QUINNEY

Sister Persson is a most interesting character and is a living demonstration of what active, wholesome participation in the Church can do for one. Sister Persson is perhaps the oldest temple officiator in the L. D. S. Church. She is still active after 44 years of devoted temple service. It is quite likely that she is the oldest Relief Society visiting teacher, as she still performs the duties of such, which have been hers for nearly 57 years. Her story is very similar to the ones which we have considered in our biographies of outstanding women, whose lives are eloquent sermons. Born in far-away Sweden she emigrated to Utah in pioneer days and has never ceased to carry on her work as a consistent mother and Latter-day Saint.

San Juan Stake

AMONG the interesting things which the San Juan Stake has succeeded in accomplishing is to train the members of the Relief Society to memorize well chosen memory gems taken from the teachings of Christ. These gems have included something from the Visiting Teachers' Messages and have been used in the Union meeting and at every Board meeting during the month. All Relief Society women were ex-

pected to memorize the gems and apply them in their lives. The visiting teachers were asked to carry them into the homes where they made their visits and request all mothers to have their families learn them as well. It was felt that this would help mothers and fathers and children to learn the scriptures and come to a better understanding of their significance.

The plan developed whereby the young mothers might attend Relief Society is very inspiring. There were many women who really desired to come but had no way of leaving their small children. A kindergarten was therefore started where capable young girls have been called to attend the children and teach them. These girls are in turn given instructions at the Union meeting by a trained kindergarten teacher. Comfortable rooms have been fitted up as nurseries, and the little folk are entertained and taught while their mothers attend Relief Society meeting.

In line with the program suggested by the General Board a class was started for young mothers. These lessons are on child guidance and the training of the young mothers. The young women are beginning to see how valuable this information is to them in the rearing of their children, and it has been the means of bringing many new members into the Relief Society organization.

The home-meeting project is another activity the Relief Society is sponsoring. The slogan for the past year has been, "A weekly meeting in every home, with all members of the family taking part." To quote from a letter from the secretary: "Although we have not yet reached this goal, much interest has been aroused and many families are holding these meetings. A feeling of good will and love for one another among both the old and young is the result of this project."

Woodruff Stake

WOODRUFF STAKE has been very active in all its work during the past year, and the ward conferences were the most successful ever held, according to the report sent in to the office. There was a visitor from the Stake Board at each of the ward conferences.

Each ward presented the pageant "It Pays To Be A Member", and this was productive of a wonderful spirit of enthusisam. Two of the smallest wards in the stake made most enviable records. It was interesting to note the individual touches which each ward added to the regular production. Scenery painted by one of the sisters was used in a tableau, representing the Literary lessons on the Louis and Clark Expedition. The following picture is of the Diamondville Ward whose enrollment is 24. Many of the sisters came for miles to attend the practices of this pageant, and the resources of the people, though limited, were generously donated in order that a finished performance might be given.

A month before conference a Union meeting was held at which the stake officers, assisted by local members, put over the pageant. At this meeting every ward in the stake was represented, and the program was most enthusiastically received,

This was also a fine social occasion. Refreshments were served by the Stake Board. These gatherings do much to keep up the enthusiasm and feelings of loyalty and unity throughout the stake.

Twenty-three awards, book markers of hammered copper with "Woodruff Stake" printed on them, were awarded throughout the stake to the sisters who had completed the outside reading course.

DIAMONDVILLE WARD, WOODRUFF STAKE

"WITH malice toward none; with charity for all."—*Abraham Lincoln, Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.*

"A SLENDER acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criteria of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it."—*George Washington, First President of the United States.*

"PEACE and friendship with all mankind; may we be permitted to pursue it."—*Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States.*

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Hints for Studying the Conference Songs

By Wade N. Stephens

1. "SANCTUS," Gounod

THE chief difficulty in this song is to stay in pitch. The worst place begins at page seven, bottom line, measure two, and extends to page ten, top line, measure two, inclusive. Since all the rest of the piece is comparatively easy, it is best to begin each rehearsal on this piece with a study of this difficult part. In each phrase the trouble occurs on the word "glory". Each time one part holds the same note, while the other two move one half-step. In the first occurrence, the alto note holds; in the next two occurrences the middle part holds. Teach the singers first to hold these notes unwaveringly. Then proceed to the parts that move a half-step. When a part moves up a half-step, teach the singers to go a *long* way. When a part moves down a half-step, teach them to move only a *short* distance. This will correct the natural tendency of untrained singers to flat. These hard phrases can be learned only by working on each part alone.

In the last two measures at the bottom of page eleven, where the words read "Glory be to," please change them to read "Glory, Glory to".

2. "BENEDICTUS," Gounod

THIS piece is printed in the same leaflet as the "Sanctus". It is new to many of you. In teaching it, think of two things, which in effect are really one. First, teach your chorus to sing it *in strict* time. The beat must be slow but steady, and must continue so through the rests as well as the notes. Second, try for a straight tone, without any vibrato or waver, and sing softly throughout except for the last phrase, which must be very loud and jubilant, with a resonant tone.

Notes for Music Department

QUESTIONS have been received at the general office as to the interpretation of the last lines of the chorus in our rallying song, "A Hundred Thousand Strong".

The following suggestion may be helpful:

Beginning with "heart and will to do," retard *slightly* to end of "grow," then resume tempo on last line.

In the rendition of "The Lord's Prayer," by Gates, the words "forgive us our debts" and "as we forgive our debtors," are preferred over "our trespasses," etc., and are used more generally throughout the Church.

WE would appreciate knowing soon just how many stakes are planning to participate with the Singing Mothers in April Conference. Will you kindly send this information?

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 8

PETER, DISCIPLE and APOSTLE

Helpful References

James E. Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 140, 197-199, 218 f., 314 f., 360-364, 368, 370-376, 595 f., 599 f., 610-612, 616, 629-631.

C. R. Brown, *These Twelve*, pp. 3-22.

A. B. Bruce, *The Training of the Twelve*; consult index under heading of Peter.

C. E. Macartney, "Of Them He Chose Twelve," pp. 108-121.

W. M. Mackay, *The Men Whom Jesus Made*, pp. 17-35.

PETER is Brought to the Christ.— The Gospel of John tells us in very simple language how Peter was brought to our Lord. We are told that one of John the Baptist's disciples was responsible for making the Man of Rock acquainted with the Master. To our surprise it is disclosed that the disciple was Andrew, Peter's own brother. Andrew and John, brother of James, had left their work at the fishing business to visit John the Baptist who was preaching and baptizing at Bethabara beyond the Jordan. They had probably made many similar visits before and had been won over to John's preaching. On this particular occasion the Baptist was standing with Andrew and John and saw the Savior approaching. Turning to his two disciples he said, "Behold, the Lamb of God!" (John 1:36) Then follows the famous account of the future apostles' first visit with the Christ. So impressed was Andrew that "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." (Verse 41) Andrew brought Peter to Christ who looked at him and said, "Thou art Simon the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone." (Verse 42) From the story as told by John we cannot quite escape the belief that Peter was also one of John the Baptist's disciples and was not far away. Earnest students of the Gospels are thankful for the limited accounts we have of these first meetings of Peter, Andrew and John with our Lord, but are hungry for greater details. What were the circumstances that caused Peter, Andrew, and John to become disciples of the Baptist? How long had they been with him when they met the Christ? These details and many others we should like to know because of our supreme interest in the characters involved. It seems remarkable that several of Christ's future apostles should have come to him through the good offices of the Baptist, the last man holding the keys of the Mosaic dispensation.

SIMON PETER Goes Back to Work.—The Gospel of John (2:2) employs the word "disciples" or "learners" of Peter and his five companions who joined the Savior at Bethabara beyond Jordan. At the marriage feast in Cana the Master turned water into wine. The marvelous power of the Messiah over the elements must have deeply impressed Peter and the other disciples for the record says, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him." (John 2:11) We do not know how much time Peter and his colleagues were spending in the company of the Christ, but they did not give up their vocations at that time. During their absence it is probable that "hired servants" (Mark 1:20) carried on the fishing business. In the next picture we find that Peter and the others of the fishing firm had gone back to their regular work.

"I WILL Make You Fishers of Men."—Our Lord is pictured by Matthew walking by the Sea of Galilee when he sees Peter and Andrew casting their nets into the water. The Savior says to them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." (Matt. 4:19) The Master is quick to convert the word "fishers" to spiritual purposes. The fishermen were from now on to fish for the souls of men. We may perhaps regard the Christ's words to them as a formal call for training in his service. Farther down the shore James and John are found and receive the same call as Peter and Andrew. (Matt. 4:21, 22) These disciples now burn all their bridges behind them. "And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him." Only strong convictions and high moral courage could cause them to leave their families and their business and follow after a man who had been, and would yet be, extremely unpopular in high circles. It is probable that Peter, as the leader of the group, had given some careful thought before this time to the nature of the Messiah's teachings and to his supernatural powers. Men do not usually leave their homes and business at a word without counting the cost.

PETER is Chosen to be an Apostle.—It is impossible for us to deal with all of the events that concerned Peter before the Savior called the Twelve. The latter seem to have been called when the organized opposition of the Pharisees from Jerusalem brought about a crisis. Then, too, the common people were so interested in the Christ that they followed him in great crowds. Probably our Lord felt that the definite organization of the Church would provide him with some badly needed assistance. We do not know how long Peter and his companions followed the Master before being made apostles, but probably long enough for the Lord to make amply sure that his choice of men was justified. Luke gives the following account of the circumstances under which the apostles were chosen: "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples; and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles." (Luke 6:12, 13) The solemnity of the appointments is shown by the fact that the Christ

spent a whole night in prayer before he formally set the Twelve apart. All the lists of the Twelve have Peter named first. There can be little doubt that he was ordained before the others, and was intended by our Lord to head the Quorum, despite all that has been written to the contrary.

THE Great Confession.—Probably many months after the appointment of the apostles our Lord came into the region of Caesarea Philippi. He had spent much time in teaching them of the true nature of his work and mission. The Master, great teacher that he was, determined to test his apostles in relation to their understanding of him as compared with other people. The Christ did not doubt the loyalty of the Twelve to him. That had been sufficiently demonstrated at various times. But the shadow of the Cross was near at hand and it was necessary for him to know their spiritual growth and insight. The Savior therefore raised a preliminary question in order to bring clearly the issue before the apostles. "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" (Matt. 16:13) The apostles responded immediately with the answer that the opinions of men differed. "Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." (Matt. 16:14) This was common talk and not unknown to the Christ, but it paved the way for his vital question: "But whom say ye that I am?" (See Mark 8:29; Matt. 16:15; Luke 9:20) This was the matter that the Master was intensely interested in. It was a searching of the apostles' hearts. Would they fail him after long months of teaching by precept and example? It would probably be impossible for ordinary men to conceive the joy that filled our Lord when Peter impulsively, but with a full heart, answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This was a great confession, and we can expect a great rejoinder. It came. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth will be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth will be loosed in heaven." (Matthew 16:17-18.) These verses have aroused supreme interest among Christian peoples and have been variously interpreted. With due respect to the opinions of others, Latter-day Saints interpret the statements of the Master as follows: By the principle of revelation, Peter had received knowledge that Jesus was the Christ. On this enduring principle or rock the Christ meant to build his Church. Peter was to be given the keys of the kingdom of heaven which means that he was to hold all of the powers necessary to carry on God's work in the earth. So powerful were these keys that they held the powers of binding and loosing in heaven. Only the true Church of Christ on earth today recognizes and understands fully the nature of these keys.

PETER Receives the Keys of the Kingdom Upon the Mount of Transfiguration.—The Christ fulfilled his promise to Peter by conferring the keys upon him very shortly after the above incident. He took Peter, James, and John upon a high mountain where "he was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." (Matthew 17:2, 3.) The apostles were shown many marvelous things upon the mount including the pattern according to which the earth shall be transfigured in due time. (Doctrine and Covenants 63:21.) The Prophet Joseph Smith points out that the keys of the Priesthood were conferred upon these apostles while on the mount. He says, "The Priesthood is everlasting. The Savior, Moses, and Elias, gave the keys to Peter, James and John, on the mount, when they were transfigured before him." (*History of the Church*, Vol. III, page 387.) This statement of the Prophet is a real contribution to knowledge. It seems so reasonable, too, when we consider the fact that Matthew has the transfiguration story immediately following the Savior's promise of giving keys to Peter. Note, also, the fact that the three men afterward to function as the Presidency of the Church were the ones chosen to go with the Christ.

PETER Thrice Denies His Master.—We have seen Peter as fisherman, disciple of John the Baptist and the Christ, and as an apostle who has had a revelation that Jesus is the Christ, and who has received the "keys of the kingdom" under glorious circumstances. Now we shall see him as a weak, feeble, mortal whose infirmities are laid bare during the trial of his great Master. After the Last Supper, Peter had protested to our Lord as follows: "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." (Matthew 26:33.) But Christ answered, "Verily I say unto thee, That this night before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." The Gospel further records: "Peter says to him, Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee. Likewise also said all the disciples." See Matthew 26:34, 35.) Peter was with the Christ during his agony in Gethsemane and his subsequent betrayal. The Man of Rock attempted to save his Master and in doing so cut off the ear of Malchus which Jesus restored. Finally the mob prevailed, and the apostles all fled. Peter at last decided to follow the Master "afar off" to court for trial. We all know the familiar story of how he drew near to where the trial was going on and was accused by two maids of having associated with "Jesus the Galilean". He denied the charge to each, and the third time when confronted by others he "began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man." (Matthew 26:74.) The Gospel goes on to say, "And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the words of Jesus, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly."

How are the mighty fallen! The story of Peter's fall is told with simplicity and great power in the Gospels. There is no attempt to cover up his mistakes or to justify them.

But Peter's greatness is revealed by the fact that he is the one probably responsible for our having any knowledge of his sin at all. Who could have told the story of his thrice denial of the Master? Aside from the latter Peter is the only one who knew the facts. The Man of Rock probably told and retold many times over the story of his great mistake to the ancient Church. His mental and spiritual agony because of his sin can only be imagined. We love this impulsive character even in his weakness.

Questions and Problems

(Deal Only With As Many As Time Permits)

1. It appears that Peter and some of his immediate colleagues were disciples of John the Baptist. Do you think they were disturbed over religion in the same sense Joseph Smith was when he sought God in prayer? Discuss.

2. Why do you suppose the Savior performed so many miracles in the presence of Peter and the other apostles?

3. List some of Peter's strong points and weaknesses. Analyze the character of the man.

4. The Savior seemed to love John even more than Peter. Why do you suppose he chose the latter to be the chief apostle?

5. Why was it necessary for Moses and Elijah to be present on the mount of Transfiguration when Peter, James, and John received the keys of the Priesthood?

6. Discuss the serious nature of Peter's thrice denial of the Christ.

7. In the light of Peter's life discuss the following proposition: Christ loves men not necessarily for what they are but for what they may become.

8. The teacher is advised to read Mrs. Browning's sonnet, "The Meaning of the Look," to the class. (Luke 22:61.)

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

No. 8

Obedience

JESUS said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." (John 4:34.)

Obedience is a most outstanding trait in the perfect personality—our Savior; indeed we may say He is obedience personified. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5:8.)

Jesus contended that there was only one way in which to build personalities sufficiently strong to withstand trials, and that was through obedience to His teachings. The progress made thus far by psycholo-

gists can find no flaw in this contention, says Dr. Ligon, psychologist of Union College.

It is impossible to build strong structures upon weak foundations, but it is possible to build strong foundations. Obedience as taught by Jesus forms a strong foundation for desirable personality. Jesus explains this matter in the Sermon on the Mount, "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." (Matthew 7:24-5.)

By modern revelation Latter-day Saints are commanded to study the Gospel and teach it to their children: (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 68:25-28.) In obeying this commandment of the Master they will develop personalities which will meet life understandingly.

Love must be the keynote in all our teachings of obedience. If a child is taught really to love God he will give the type of obedience to God's commandments which develops strong personality. Children are naturally happy in obeying those they love.

If parents are consistently obedient to these commandments their teachings will be effective. "By strict obedience Jesus won the prize with glory rife. Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done adorned His mortal life."

Discussion

1. Cite a commandment of the Master and show how obedience to it affects personality desirably.

2. What type of obedience should be required in the home in order to secure the best personality development of family members?

Visiting Teachers are to call attention to Theology, Literary and Social Service lessons, also Work and Business programs planned by the Ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 8

A City of Bells

WHEN men as great as Dickens and Thackeray die, the world gasps and people wonder if their like will ever be seen again. However, the novel had come to stay, and, therefore, it was natural that men and women would be found to carry on where those two giants, and George Eliot, Richard Blackmore, and a score of others had left off.

Today novels roll from the printing presses in England and this country by the thousands. Many have marks of greatness on them; others clearly are written only to be read and tossed aside. In this coun-

try such books as *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With the Wind* have surprised the critics with their popularity despite their length in an era that "hasn't time".

Over in England a number of women besides those mentioned by Professor Phelps are writing their stories and sending them out like ships to sea. Among these there may be women of significance.

As our last novel in this year's course, we have selected *A City of Bells*, by Elizabeth Goudge.

This novel is very recent, having been published first in 1936. The author is still a comparatively young woman, approximately thirty-eight years of age, and is still writing.

In a biographical sketch furnished by her American publishers she says: "I was born in 1900 at Wells, Somersetshire, the cathedral town I have described as 'Torminster' in my novel, *A City of Bells*. When I was born my father was Vice-Principal of the Theological College, and we lived in the house with the tower in which Grandfather and Grandmother Fordyce live in the book. When I was three years old, and my father became the Principal of the College, we moved across the road to another old house, with carved angels in the corners of the rooms and dark passages that were wonderful for hide-and-seek.

"Though I was only a child I was never lonely in those early days. I had perfect parents and a perfect Nannie, and my invalid mother was, and is, the most wonderful story-teller in the world. . . .

"My chief playmates in those days were a family of boys who lived across the road in the house with the tower. . . .

"One of those little boys and I did lessons together with a governess, Miss Lavington. To look at she was like the Miss Lavender of *A City of Bells*, but she was not like her in her methods of teaching. She was a magnificent, if stern, teacher. I have never had any memory nor any brains, but what little I do know was pounded into my unwilling mind by Miss Lavington."

Being the daughter of a school man, Miss Goudge moved with her family from one school town to another until her father finally became connected with Oxford. She concludes her sketch by saying: "Now I am writing about my present home, Oxford, which I love now as much as the quiet little towns of Wells and Ely. . . . But plays, just because they are so difficult and I never have any success with them, are still my first love."

Miss Goudge's great desire was to be a playwright. She says: "I was thirty-two before any success came my way: a Sunday night performance in London of a play about the Brontes. It was a small success, but no bigger one could bring me half so much joy again. I saw my play beautifully acted by real live actors and actresses, and I had some good notices in the papers. I was in heaven."

She remained in "heaven," however, only a short time. "I returned home so encouraged that I gathered my plays together into a book and sent it the round of several publishers, with the humble suggestion that it would be nice if it could be published. The publishers, however,

did not think so; there was no market for unknown plays. 'But,' said one kind publisher, 'your work shows promise. Why not try to write a novel?' "

Miss Goudge took the suggestion and has had the pleasure of having three novels published, *Island Magic*, *The Middle Window* and *A City of Bells*, each one a rather pleasing success. Her first novel, however, was rejected once or twice by publishers who were afraid to take a chance with it.

A City of Bells is having a deserved sale in this country as well as in England where it was first published. It is a delightful story of modern English life in which the quaint charm of an English village is to be felt and enjoyed.

It is a relief to many people to turn to a story like *A City of Bells*. In it is to be found sunshine and laughter as well as a sane, ordered existence such as most people, after all, enjoy. It is clean and wholesome, but because it deals only with the brighter side of life, it may lack in depth and significance.

It was well received by the book reviewers as is indicated by the following excerpts from reviews. We quote them because they may not be obtainable by the literary teacher, and because, in most cases, they present so beautifully the tone of this charming novel:

"It is good to have on hand a few novels not only fundamentally happy, but well and truly written. This one is both; it should be marked down for those reading for peace and delight."—*Booklist*, M. L. Becker.

"*A City of Bells* is a joyous tale, whose rippling, magical prose is that of the born story-teller."—M. W. S. in *Books*.

Jane Spence Southron, in the New *York Times*, has caught the pleasing spirit of this tale. Says she: "It is a book of spring. A young book brimful of the spirit that animates the beginnings of life; the same spirit that breathes in the joyfulest of Shakespeare's lyrics, in so many of the medieval chansons to Mary and the Babe, in much of Shelley, and in the works of those writers who never wholely lose their sense of wonder at the beauty of creation. . . It is a book that weaves for grown ups the same sort of magic as was Hans Anderson's gift to nineteenth century children; or as was that of *Lohengrin* seen when you were nine. The philosophy of life explicit in the sayings and doings of many of its characters is as natural to it as perfume to a flower, and as acceptable."

One more review catches the mood of this book: "Nothing is harder to find, and nothing is better in its way when you have found it, than a pleasant book about nice people; and if, in addition to being amusing, it offers more plot than the usual light novel, and yet has always the comfortable assurance that everything will come right in the end, then it is a find indeed—like *A City of Bells*. . . . This is something more than a pleasant novel, for it has the romantic fault of improbability; it has in many passages great romantic beauty."—Basil Davenport in the *Book-Of-The-Month Club News*.

A City of Bells is what these critics have said of it—a delightful story, pleasant, sunny, joyous, clean. Not deep and heavy, not tragic and somber, not disgusting and sordid. It

it are to be found clean people and a clean outlook on life that is wholesome and bright.

Miss Goudge has a delightful imagination and a touch that is as light as a zephyr playing upon the cheek in June. Speaking of wind, note this pleasing passage—" 'Our destiny is like a wind blowing,' said Grandfather (speaking to Jocelyn). 'It carries us along. But now and again the wind seems to drop. We don't know what to do next. Then it may be that a blade of grass growing in the road beside us bends slightly. It is a tiny movement, slight as a whim, but enough to show us which way to take.' "

"In this story Jocelyn Irvin, dispirited because of a wound received in the Boer war, traveled down to the peaceful little English cathedral city of Torminster, there to visit his saintly (yet very human) old grandfather, Canon Fordyce. Practically forced to open a bookshop in a tiny house in the city (by the gossip of the town delightfully revealed by Miss Goudge) Jocelyn became interested in the writings of a former occupant, Ferranti, who had disappeared. In the finishing and producing of a play of Ferranti's, Jocelyn helped himself and others, especially the charming child, Henrietta, Canon Fordyce's adopted grandchild."

The delicate pictures painted of Canon Fordyce and his beloved old wife and of the two adopted grandchildren, Hugh Anthony and Henrietta, are as pleasant and as quaint as those sometimes found on old china. The portrait of Felicity, also, is well done. In her one can see, after reading the autobiography of Miss Goudge, some lineaments of the author.

Passages such as these are fresh and pleasant: "For in every dream Henrietta dreamed music had its place. She even thought that colors and scents had their sounds. Red was a trumpet blast, and green was the sound of fairy flutes, and the scent of the wisteria was a tune played by the violins that made one want to sit down on a cushion and never do any work any more."

A description of Felicity: "Jocelyn did not hear him, he was too much occupied in gazing at the most enchanting back view he had ever seen. It was that of a slim girl with an aureole of short, curly golden hair that stuck out all around like the petals of a sunflower. She wore a childish cotton frock of delphinium blue, with short sleeves and no collar, that showed the warm, creamy colour of her skin and the lovely moulding of her arms and slender neck. . . .

"The girl swung round and Jocelyn, entirely forgetting his usually excellent manners, rubbed almost feverishly at the window with his handkerchief, so as to see her face perfectly. It was the most alive face he had ever seen. Her eyes were tawny and full of light and her heart-shaped face, with its delicate yet determined features, had a transparency that made it seem like a window through which she herself could be seen with a delicious clearness. Jocelyn felt that he was looking through two windows at the most courageous, generous person he had ever encountered. She was pale, but not with the moonlight paleness that was Henrietta's, for she looked sun-kissed

and warmly loving, and somehow she was familiar. Somewhere else, Jocelyn felt, he had encountered that vivid personality."

A person who can write description like that and make one feel that it is true and genuine, is worth reading. As Miss Southron said in one of her reviews: "Let it not be thought, however, that Miss Goudge's prose is either dithrambic or what is usually designated as poetic. It is distinctly prose; plain and simple as primroses. Her distinction in style derives from freshness of outlook." That is very true, indeed—freshness of outlook describes her style.

The book is so crammed with quotable passages that perhaps it is unnecessary to give any others, but the writer cannot resist this one, it is so rich, so vibrant, so fresh: "It was this last today. The bare branches of the elm-trees were strokes of paint laid on sharply against the primrose wash of the sky. The Cathedral towers stood out hard and black against the sheeted gold of the west, and snow-covered grass stretched smooth and pure. Here and there a sudden speck of color burned as the painter's brush touched the flat surfaces; an orange square of lamplight leaping out in a dark house, a flash of colour on the snow as a robin hopped across it, a gleam of blue and green as a child in a gay muffler ran home from school. As always on these days when the earth is a painted picture it was very still; the cawing of a rook and the chime of a bell fell sharply as pebbles dropped in a deep well."

As a writer in the *London Times* said of her: "She is happiest with one foot at least off the earth. Her sentiment is never forced or insipid; her spiritual flights, not high, are never pretentious, and she takes off and alights neatly."

Miss Goudge's charm lies in the fact that she can write beautifully and at the same time convincingly —a splendid achievement for any author.

The book in its earlier chapters is, to say the least, delightful. It does not have the power to hold up to its initial high standard to the end. After the planning of the production of the play begins, the author has to see that the thing is properly staged and produced. In so doing she has to leave too much her delightful persons—the Fordyces, the incomparables, Hugh Anthony and Henrietta, and the quaint loveliness of Torminster. That is unfortunate for in them lies the charm of the book. However, after the last page has been read, one turns away from it feeling that he has had a glowing spiritual experience with people who are the salt of the earth.

Suggestions

1. Read, if it is available, *Island Magic*.

2. Elizabeth Goudge is writing for several American magazines. Her stories may be had in libraries which preserve such magazines as *Good Housekeeping* and *Woman's Home Companion*.

3. Read copiously from the book for in the language, rather than in the story, is to be found the charm of this book.

4. It should be interesting to have some visitor to a Cathedral Town, if there be one in the community, describe such an English town.

5. Grandfather and Grandmother Fordyce could well be discussed, especially their outlook upon labor and their attitude toward the poor.

Social Service

Lesson 8

On Being A Good Mother-in-law

CENTRAL Thoughts of the Lesson. After a mother has nurtured her child throughout the growth period, it is naturally very difficult for her to see the child grow up and leave home to enter marriage. This change calls for radical revision of habits on the part of both the mother and the child. Preparation for being a good mother-in-law begins during the child guidance period and is continued throughout adolescence. The transition to adolescence and later into marriage should not constitute a crisis for either the parent or the child if proper training in independence and self-reliance has been carried out during childhood. Preparation for the role of mother-in-law should include a cultivation of unfolding and creative interests which in a measure substitute for the emotional outlet she loses when her children marry. Another useful preparatory measure for both mother and child is to complete the educational preparation of the child by sending him or her away on a mission or to school for a period long enough to wean both mother and child to a certain extent. After the marriage, the mother-in-law can promote harmony by not taking a conspicuous place in the home life of the children, and by taking particular pains not to interfere with the disciplining of the grandchildren.

MARRIAGE Requires Radical Habit Revision of Both Mother and Son or Daughter. After a mother has spent approximately twenty years ministering to the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of her child, it is to be expected that she experiences great difficulty relinquishing her career as mother. When her son or daughter marries, she experiences much of the same pain that is so severe when death calls one of her loved ones away. Perhaps for twenty years the mother has had no other daily duty which has absorbed her life so much as seeing to every need of her daughter. She has nursed her whenever she has fallen ill; she has "struggled through" every stirring romance her daughter has had; and has been almost as anxious about the outcome of the daughter's school work or her part in extra-curricular activities as the daughter has herself. Then one day she must suddenly step aside and see her go into the arms of another to begin the great task of building a "kingdom" of her own.

The marriage of a son or daughter often means to the parents the assuming of more burdens themselves, if the childhood training has been proper and the children have been taught to take much responsibility themselves. It sometimes means leaving the parents all alone with an extremely unpleasant hole in their lives.

Perhaps the most difficult test comes when the mother is required to relinquish her position as sole advisor and disciplinarian. Her advice and control, which was formerly taken for granted, is now resented more and more as the newly married one grows into the full measure of her adult status.

These difficulties may be complicated for the mother by her feeling that her son or daughter made a bad bargain in the marriage, i. e. the one married was not quite good enough. In this case, the parent may remain over-solicitous concerning the welfare of her son or daughter and may continue to provide in every way she can to make up the deficiency. If it is true that proper provision is not being made, (whether it pertains to financial, emotional, or social advantages) the favors may be gladly received from the parents and their continuance encouraged. This of course undermines the self-respect of the other party in many cases and is the starting point for a long and painful "in-law" antagonism. It also prolongs childhood dependence and postpones psychological weaning. We do not advocate here that aid should not be given in some cases, but we are simply pointing out a common circumstance which vitiates family relationships.

A young man's mother has special problems of an emotional nature when he marries. Often she feels the keenest competition with her daughter-in-law for the affection of her son. It isn't always a clearly understood kind of behavior on the mother's part, because so often she has developed a subconscious emotional attachment to her son which is a substitute for lack of affection between herself and her husband. This attachment may be the primary source of emotional satisfaction in her life. This is, of course, an unfortunate condition, but it is quite common and explains many of our most difficult problems of inter-family relationships. A mother with a tendency to be too much absorbed in her son is likely to keep a constant vigil lest her daughter-in-law neglect in some way her responsibilities toward her husband. This sometimes leads to unsolicited suggestions on how to manage her home and how to conduct herself. Obviously antagonism is likely to result.

PREPARATION for Being a Good Mother-in-Law Begins During the Child Guidance Period and Should be Completed During the Adolescence of the Child. In the lesson on marital adjustments, we learned that preparation for marriage begins in the cradle. We might say, as well, that she who would be a good mother-in-law should begin training herself and her child along certain lines in early childhood. The mother who has achieved the fundamental attitudes necessary for proper child guidance should have a minimum of difficulty in making the adjustments after the child has matured and married. Of these atti-

tudes, perhaps none is more important than that of understanding the needs of the child and the ability to be heroic enough to let the welfare of the child take precedence over the emotional needs of the mother.

Proper child guidance is based on the aim of making the child as nearly a self-sustaining and happy person as possible. This means training the child to take the consequences of his own acts as far as is reasonable; it means training the child in assuming the responsibility for his share of the tasks about the home, such as regular attendance to washing before meals, putting away his articles, taking care of his clothes, and cleaning up his own musses around the home. As maturity approaches, it means training in the care of money, working for at least part of his support, and training in self-sufficiency in pursuing his educational program. For girls, it means training in household arts, responsibility with other children, providing for their own needs to some extent as regards clothing, and cultivating whatever artistic or other talents they may possess.

Space will not permit detailed consideration of the technique of developing responsibility in children. We shall add here only the suggestion that proper child guidance is based on striking a happy medium between expecting too much and expecting too little in the way of responsibilities. Happy childhood is based on a suitable balance between freedom and play on the one hand, and responsibilities and adherence to routine on the other.

Over-solicitous mothers often become difficult mothers-in-law. This is true because over-solicitousness breeds dependence in the child and too much of a sense of responsibility in the mother for the acts of the child. These personal relations between mother and child are likely to carry over into the marital period and make a pleasant transition for both almost impossible. In many cases, an open breach is likely to occur between the parent and child during the stormy adolescent period which precedes marriage. Most children as they become mature physically and mentally have a strong desire to feel grown up, to use their own judgment, to find their own companions without parental dictation, to explore a larger world than is circumscribed by the family circle. The first signs of this independence are forcefully resisted by the over-solicitous parent, who cannot bear to see the child grow up and away from her.

Fortunately the struggle for independence during adolescence prepares for the still more vital step toward independence which comes with marriage. In fact, many a premature marriage is simply an escape from an overdominating home influence. In less violent cases, adolescence is simply a period during which the parent and child must intelligently begin to wean themselves apart. It need not be with bitterness, but it must be done if the marriage crisis is not to be a painful one. With the proper educational program in the home, the crisis of adolescence need not be severe either. Training for independence begins in early childhood; and if intelligently carried through the

whole period of childhood to adolescence, there is little need for adolescence to be the trying period for parent and child it is usually considered. Likewise, if the weaning process of adolescence is properly managed by an intelligent and stable parent, the marriage of her children is not the trial to her it is usually imagined.

This theme does not imply that parents should simply leave their children alone and let them find their own way in life. The most devoted parents are those who can be ever conscious of what their children are experiencing and who have maintained such good relationships with them that they are always in the confidence of their children. The parent who is more concerned with nursing her own emotions rather than considering the welfare of the child is likely to "lose" her child when the transition into adulthood is made, for the simple reason that she is not likely to want the child to grow up and is likely to exercise so much dominion that the child finally has to rebel.

The mothers who are most promising as mothers-in-law are those who find their greatest joy in seeing their children develop strong characters able to live happily largely on their own strength, and ever loving and grateful to their mothers because they didn't help too much, and because they never made it necessary to rebel in order to grow up.

CONDITIONS Preceding Marriage Which May Foster Good Relations in Marriage. Mothers should begin long before the children are grown up to cultivate emotional substitutes to brighten their lives after the children have married and left home. They may cultivate a taste for art or music. Perhaps they can learn to play the piano, to make some artistic kind of hand work, to help their husbands in business, or they may take up some courses in school which they have longed to take but for want of time have never been able to. Relief Society activities permit the releasing of reserve energy and are an excellent source of aims that may make life infinitely richer and more interesting. Busy and intelligent women find so many important activities to fill up their lives that they have no time to meddle in the affairs of their children after they have married.

Sometimes, to send a young man or a young woman away on a mission or to school before marriage cultivates independence and tends to lighten the shock for both mother and children when marriage comes. Homesickness is likely to make the early months of marriage difficult for everyone if the young man or young woman has never been away from home for any period before marriage. An essential aspect of growing up psychologically is to acquire the ability to "go alone", or to find one's way about in strange places if necessary. A story is told of a man in his thirties, caught in the military draft during the World War, who was so upset at having to leave home that he became mentally unfit for service. His mother interceded at military headquarters to have her "baby" released because he had never slept away from home in his life.

With these two conditions satisfied, if the mother can learn during

adolescence how much advice she can give without offense and how to give it, she should be fairly well equipped to become a good mother-in-law. She should have also made up her mind to share the love her child has for the future companion in marriage, and if possible she should have made her own enviable character one of the reasons her child is chosen in marriage. Someone said that we don't marry a person but a family.

WHAT Can a Mother-in-Law Do After the Marriage of Her Child to Promote Harmony? First, she should assign herself the frequently unpleasant duty of not making herself a prominent part of the new household. If it is possible, the newly married couple should be made to find their own home independent of the parents of either party. She should take care not in any way to complicate their lives; she should not stay with them nor interfere with any degree of independence they care to exercise in building their family life.

This means that the mother must throw off the "mother attitude" and substitute the attitude of considering her child as an adult equal, with complete independence of judgment and action. It does not mean that the mother should lose all of her influence for good in the life of the son or daughter, but it means that the influence must not come as motherly dictation. She now influences through her wisdom and insight, and not through parental authority.

A common mistake mothers make is in taking up the quarrels of their son or daughter with their "in-laws". In these matters she may act as friendly advisor, but to enter into the conflicts in an active and emotional way rarely accomplishes any good.

Then when grandchildren come, there appears the problem of satisfying the grandparent's emotional needs through the grandchildren. Grandparents must continue to practice what was good philosophy in bringing up their own children: caution against doing so much for the child that he fails to develop normal independence of action and personal responsibility. Then, they must think too of the serious family and discipline problems created by interfering with the guidance methods used by the parents. Even poor discipline methods are perhaps to be preferred to conflicting methods by different members of the family. Let the child's parents draw on your wisdom as they need it, but avoid, so far as possible, taking an active part in the disciplining of the children.

Finally, a good mother-in-law must not take offense at what seems to be too much forgetfulness on the part of her married children. She must realize that the young have their new emotional attachments and their new home responsibilities and life ambitions. The success of the mother-in-law depends upon her ability to make corresponding substitutes in her own life.

Class Exercise

Discuss the following list of miscellaneous suggestions on the mother-in-law problem and have the members of the class add to it others which they think are important:

1. Avoid being a match-maker; don't make the child feel that she will be an old maid.

2. Refrain from being too critical of the company your son or daughter keeps during the courtship period. Suspend judgment until you know the person. Have a friendly, open-minded attitude until you have a sound basis for judgment.

3. If the child marries without parents' consent, don't "disown" him or her. Attempt to accept the child's point of view and to make the best adjustment to the situation. To refuse to acknowledge the child's partner as a member of the family only causes unhappiness and may ruin what otherwise may be a successful marriage. Avoid saying, "I told you so" after marriage.

4. Resist the tendency to feign illness and other forms of malingering in order to postpone the child's marriage, or to bring the child home after marriage.

5. See the folly of the contention that anything that was good enough for you when you were married should be good enough for your daughter-in-law. Encourage your son to provide well for her.

6. Guard against being so solicitous of the welfare of your son or daughter-in-law that your own son or daughter becomes jealous of you.

Problems For Discussion

1. What steps would you recommend a mother to take in preparation for her role as a mother-in-law? What preparation for her son or daughter would you recommend?

2. What is the effect of prolonged "infancy" of a child on the inter-family relationships after marriage?

3. Why is it inadvisable for newly married couples to live with the parents of either party? for the mother-in-law to live with the young people?

4. Show what the effect on the child is for the grandparents to take an active part in the disciplining.

5. How can sending a young man or woman away to school or on a mission simplify the mother-in-law problem?

6. Suggest a few new interests and activities a mother-in-law can take up to bridge the gap left by the marriage of her child.

References For Further Study

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Education for Family Life

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Lesson 5

The Ways of Men and Women

By Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.

(Director Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.)

MEN and women differ from each other not merely,—literally,—in every cell of their bodies, but in their behavior in every relationship of life. Successful family life depends upon an understanding of these differences.

Woman's understanding of herself is often confused by what Alfred Adler called the "masculine protest". From as far back as she can remember, the girl has been led to feel that this is a man's world, and that she is prevented from doing a lot of things that she could do perfectly well, not by her inability but by the mere accident that she was born a female instead of a male.

All her life, it seems to her, she has heard, "Little girls don't do such things," and "That's all right for boys, but you're a girl," and so forth and so on.

Through years of this she grows up with the feelings that this Man's World is organized to the disadvantage of women, and that therefore she is unfortunate in not having been born a man. Studies show that the great majority of educated women have at one time or another wished they had been born boys. It would be hard to find an educated man who ever wished that he had been born a girl.

This simple difference produces far-reaching results in the behavior of many women, leading them (for the most part quite unconsciously) to be dissatisfied with life, dissatisfied with themselves, and more or less antagonistic toward men as the supposed authors of their misfortunes.

The adult woman should make sure that her own outlook on life is not being confused by such an unconscious attempt to be a second-rate man,—which she can never be! —instead of a first-rate woman, which she can be.

She must then make sure that her daughters are brought up in a realistic way, protected as far as possible from injustice, and prepared for marriage and motherhood rather than for failure and frustration.

Among sex differences to which particular attention should be paid are the following:

I. Men tend to be more aggressive than women. Terman and Miles in their recent study, *Sex and Personality*, consider this the fundamental and most important distinction. It goes back millions of years in the history of the race.

Women, therefore make a mistake in adopting too aggressive a manner in dealing with men,—either before

or after marriage. One of the commonest complaints of unhappy husbands who come to the Institute of Family Relations is that their wives are too aggressive; one of the commonest complaints of unhappy wives is that their husbands are not aggressive enough!

Unfortunately, modern life tends to override this ancient pattern. In the city, a boy sometimes sees little of his father, has little association with his father's work or with the work of other men in the world. He is dominated first by his mother, then by his school teachers, nearly all of whom are women; then (at adolescence) by the girls in his class, who are the same age chronologically but a couple of years ahead of him in their biological, emotional, and social development (because the female matures more rapidly than does the male).

Hence the boy grows up without normal masculine initiative, in dealing with the other sex. The girls have taken it away from him and too often become used to exercising it themselves. The result, after marriage, is not satisfactory to either one.

More association of boys with their fathers and other men in the work of the world (an association that is natural and almost inevitable on the farm) will help to remove this handicap from city life. More men, real men, happily married and successful fathers, would also be a desirable addition as teachers in the public schools.

II. Men are excessively egotistical. The successful wife has learned (or knew by instinct) that she must spend much of her time protecting her husband's self-esteem and build ing it up.

This does not mean that women lack vanity, but at least there seem to be a difference in the quality o the egotism of the two sexes. It ha sometimes been said that men ar egotistic, women narcissistic (afte the legend of Narcissus, the Greel youth who fell in love with his ow reflection in a pool, and pined awa from unrequited affection).

III. Men have a feeling of se solidarity, of "gang sociality", whic is less pronounced in women. Pe haps it is associated with the fac that for millions of years men hav worked together in hunting an fighting, occupations that depen largely on discipline, teamwork, an cooperation. Women have tende to work more individually. Me have little enough capacity for co operation, but at least (in their ow opinion) they have somewhat mor of it than women.

This individualistic tendenc sometimes leads to friction in th management of women's clubs an other organizations. Possibly wom en have developed, through a lon process of evolution, a greater i stinctive feeling of loyalty to th home than to other women.

IV. On the whole, woman ha more "social intelligence" than ma For hundreds and thousands o years her ancestresses have had t study human, and particular masculine, nature. A woma would not leave any offspring t perpetuate her characteristics, u less she acquired not merely a hu band, but a fairly good husband (an perhaps such were as scarce a tho sand years ago as they are now!). Y

she had to do this by indirection and strategy, since the man had the initiative and was expected to be the aggressor. In general, therefore, and if she has not received a misleading education, woman understands man better than man understands woman.

Unfortunately, this social intelligence, desire for the best possible home, concern over keeping up appearances, and the like, sometimes becomes perverted into snobbishness and "social climbing". It is the wife, not the husband, who is most concerned with "keeping up with the Joneses". At the other extreme, when she lets herself go and ceases to care for appearances, a woman seems to lose morale all around. Terman and his associates, in their recent exhaustive study on "Psychological Factors in Marital Happiness" discovered that slovenliness in a wife was more distressing to the husband than dozens of factors that might at first sight have seemed more serious.

In conclusion, neither sex should allow itself to be annoyed at peculiarities of the other that are simply characteristics of the sex.

Girls, however, should be brought up to understand their own natures. In particular, they should know that all studies show the importance to a woman of normal marriage and child-bearing, as a fulfilment of personality and as an aid to physical and mental well-being. Actually, the longest-lived and most vigorous women in a normal group will be found to be those who have borne the most children, not those who have borne the fewest or those who are childless. The vital statistics of the single woman, still more of the divorcee, are highly unsatisfactory, showing shorter expectation of life, greater expectation of insanity, of imprisonment, and of suicide.

Boys, similarly, should be brought up to be first-class boys rather than poor imitations of women. Since they must inevitably be exposed so much to feminine influence while they are growing up, care should be taken that these various women,—the mother, the kindergarten teacher, the music teacher, the Sunday School teacher, and the long list of others,—do not try to mould him too much in their own pattern. Dr. Goodwin Watson has lately called attention to the fact that women school teachers tend to get along best with the boys who are really "sissies", and look upon them as models of deportment. If a boy has normal masculine patterns, they are apt to call him a "behavior problem".

Neither sex is inferior to the other. They complement each other. Each depends on the other. When each is at its best, both will get the most out of life.

Questions and Problems

1. Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse questioned 250 highly educated and very happy wives as to their greatest problem in marriage. A large part of them said it was trying to understand their husbands. What could be done to help them?

2. Dr. Will Durant says, "Woman surpasses man in love and is surpassed by him in friendship." Do you agree? Why?

3. Make a list of 10 differences in behavior between the sexes, not mentioned in this lesson, which you

think might be of importance in understanding personal relations.

4. In the light of the psychological differences between the sexes, what advice would you give to a young man who wants to know how he can become more popular with the girls?

5. Similarly, what advice would you give to a young woman who wants to know how she can increase her popularity with men?

Literature for the Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

Lesson 7

A Review and A Summary

THE foregoing brief outlines of the lives of seven typical women in the Church could, obviously, present only high lights in the lives of these worthy ladies. Even so, each one is seen to be a distinct personality. No two of them are alike. There are, however, many qualities of character common to them all. In a general way there is a typical Latter-day Saint character, as is illustrated by these seven lives. The philosophy of Mormonism must of necessity leave its imprint upon sincere adherents of Mormonism.

Let us somewhat expand and pass some of these things in review:

1. The Maesers were descendants of cultured and educated people. They themselves were educated and cultured. How do you explain that they accepted Mormonism and heroically endured all the consequent poverty, suffering and humiliation that befell them?

2. In a general way would this same explanation apply to Anna Widtsoe? Explain.

3. Outline the general features of a typical L. D. S. character.

4. Compare this typical character with the average character of worldly woman, that is, a woman motivated by the usual ideas of worldly people.

5. Show why you think the typical L. D. S. character is worth all it costs.

6. What influence did want and suffering have on the character development of the women studied in the foregoing lessons?

7. As the foregoing lessons indicate, show that this L. D. S. character exists in every land and among every people who accept and live the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ.

8. The American poet Longfellow wrote the following lines:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."
> *A Psalm of Life.*

Point out to what extent the

thought of these lines applies to any or all of the women studied.

9. The Belgian pessimist thought there could be no God in heaven for the reasons he stated. What is your explanation of the point he raised?

10. In former days ostracism and persecution followed those who joined the Church in the world. To what is due the change between those days and these?

11. The question is sometimes asked "does blood count?" After reading the foregoing lessons what is your answer? Give reasons for it.

12. Jeannette D. Crane is said to have been a "natural-born" teacher. If she were such, what qualities and skills did she exercise to succeed in teaching?

13. What must a person do if he is to be a successful class-room teacher?

14. In Lesson 5, speaking of the Cannons, reference was made to the "Donner Party". Relate the circumstances of this ill-fated party on its way to California.

15. Also in Lesson 5 reference was made to the coming of Johnston's army to Utah and the "move south," etc. Relate the circumstances to which these references refer.

APPLES ON A PLATE

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

"Why be so Victorian,"—do you say,
"With a plate of apples on your buffet?
Use a Wedgwood tea set, or Sevres vase;
Those apples look so commonplace!"

Perhaps they do—yet on memory's page
I can see a child of tender age
Who never had apples enough to eat,
And the common fruit was her rarest treat.
There was nothing tempting in her lunch pail;
No wonder she seemed so small and frail.
So now that I live where apples grow,
In the cellar are baskets in a row,
And always upstairs, on table or shelf,
There's a plateful, so each may help himself.
Every hungry youngster that enters the door
May have one, or two, or three, or more;
It may be old-fashioned and out-of-date,
But I'll still have my apples on a plate!

MILK

THE General Presidency of the Relief Society would like to impress upon mothers the need for milk, particularly for growing children. Relief Society Presidents everywhere are charged with the responsibility to see that no children suffer for lack of milk.

"Milk is a food no one should do without, because it contains so many elements of a healthful diet. We should use it every day—a quart for each child and a pint for each adult is a good daily allowance, used either in fluid form or in milk products. It is important that growing children have plenty of milk. It is especially needed for good teeth and bones, as milk supplies in almost ideal amounts minerals that go into their composition. Adults of all ages need milk.

"Milk is always a good investment even when very little money can be spent for food. We do not usually think of it as an energy food, and yet a quart supplies from two-thirds to three-fourths of the total energy required per day by a year old child; about one-half of the energy needed by a child of five; and about one-fourth of that needed by a man moderately active. One cup of milk has about the same energy value as 2½ eggs, or 3¾ ounces of lean round beef, or 8½ ounces of string beans.

"Milk should not be regarded as a beverage; it is a food. Sip it slowly; get the flavor out of it. Don't use it merely to quench thirst, and don't drink it rapidly. The gastric juice of the stomach causes milk to curdle shortly after you swallow it. If milk is drunk rapidly, the curds are large and tough and digestion is likely to be slow and difficult."—The Milk Foundation, Inc., Chicago.

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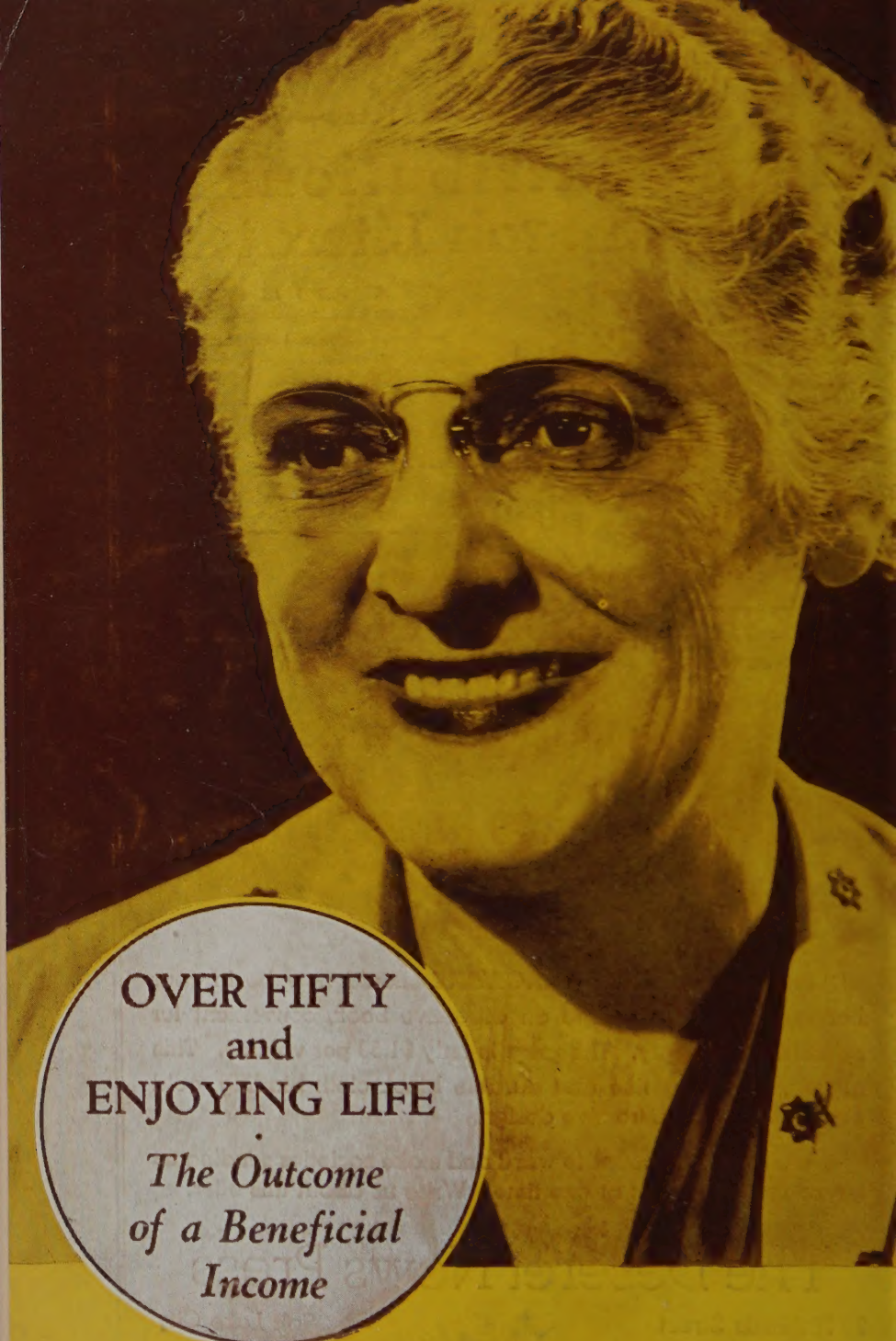

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